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WHO PAINTED THE BUNCH OF POP-
PIES ON THE CHINA JAR.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Anna Morgan.

My Chicago

by

Anna Morgan

"Where are they gone, and do you know
If they come back at fall o' dew.
The little Ghosts of long ago,
That long ago were you?

And all the songs that ne'er were sung
And all the dreams that ne'er come true
Like little children dying young—
Do they come back to you?"

Ralph Fletcher Seymour
Publisher, Chicago

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1917

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By
Anna Morgan

Other books by Anna Morgan
AN HOUR WITH DELSARTE
THE ART OF EXPRESSION
SELECTED READINGS

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Foreword

IN THE midst of Chicago's turmoil, there has been for a number of years a colony of painters, writers, and lovers of the Fine Arts which has been striving with might and main to create within our material city a spirit of idealism. A scant corporal's guard at first, these pioneers of the finer things of life have slowly grown in number, until they form a goodly sized regiment exerting a noble influence upon Chicago's soul.

The city's uncouthness, however, has been a thorn in the side of this aesthetic colony; and, living aloof as they have from the material world about them, its members have been tempted, I fear, to brush aside unfeelingly the achievements of her captains of industry, while magnifying unduly their own endeavors. But if the artists and writers of Chicago have one of the common failings of their craft, they are, I am proud to say, singularly free from the other; since nowhere, I believe, is there an artistic colony so untainted by jealousy as is that of Chicago. Indeed, those of its members to whom success has opened her glittering doors, have ever extended a helping hand to their comrades at the threshold. Never has the green-eyed monster played the baleful

role in their midst it plays, all too often, in the artistic coteries of older cities. It is the pioneer spirit, I believe, which has united our artists and writers in generous friendship, and made them strive as one for the betterment of the city they have seen grow from an upstart village to a world metropolis, before their astonished eyes.

Many a member of this sympathetic colony is introduced to the reader in the pages of Miss Morgan's book; while the story of its growth and achievements is told by her with a genuineness and a simplicity which are truly refreshing in a day when clap-trap is so rife. It is meet, moreover, that she should be its chronicler; for in the creation of Chicago's aestheticism she has been truly a pioneer.

From that day, long years ago, when a stranger asked at her door for "Miss Anna Morgan the dramatic reader," and gave her a first engagement for the modest honorarium of ten dollars, to this year when "the shadow of war lowers over the land" she has been a tireless champion of dramatic art, and ever true to its ideals.

Upon the little stage of her studio, or in some theatre of the city at a special matinee given by her pupils, we, who are of her following, have made first acquaintance with the plays of such modern masters as Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Bernard Shaw. Indeed, she had a knack of scenting the greatness of such men as these, when even their names were unknown in America; and I am constrained to confess that it

was she who introduced me to Carlo Goldoni, the Venetian, whose biographer many years later I became.

While the plays she has given have been chosen with rare discrimination, the sincerity with which they have been acted has been quite as notable. Indeed, I confess that I have never seen a performance by her pupils,—even that of Hamlet with only girls in the cast,—in which the note of earnestness was lacking. Although the histrionism of some of the players has been crude at times, I have never left her theatre without feeling that the play had been honestly given, and that she had succeeded in inspiring her pupils with true reverence for her art.

Although others have given notable plays in Chicago from time to time with an equal defiance of the box-office, it is well to recall to our civic mind the fact that the trail which our dramatic ideals have followed, albeit with faltering steps, was blazed by Anna Morgan. Throughout the years she tells of in her book, her courage has never faltered; nor has her loyalty to her art been dimmed by the many discouragements she has met. Her Chicago, moreover, is the Chicago of that zealous colony of artists and writers of which I have spoken. By its members, one and all, she is loved for her endearing qualities, and admired for her many achievements.

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

Preface

This book was written when the shadow of war was lowering over this country deepening as the months went by that followed the first year of our entry. They are growing still darker and spreading toward what depths, we do not know; creeping round every home in the land, peering through every window like a sinister stranger.

My story deals with happier times, and throngs with faces once familiar, always beloved.

What we shall find when we emerge into the light once more, we cannot guess; but we have hope that the old days now obscuring will be compensated by better days, for the world could not pass through a Gethsemane so poignant without a wonderful refining in which much dross and many errors must be cast out. A new state of being, social, ethical, political and spiritual, is coming toward us.

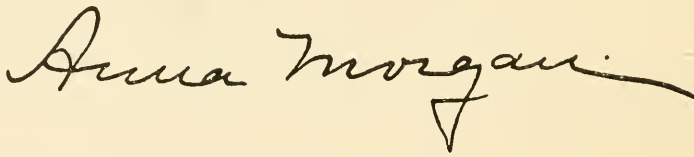
That we shall remember tranquil times, filled with the ardor and the glow of old ambitions, old achievements, is sweet and proper. That we shall look forward to a new heaven and a new earth, confidently, is natural. But between the two states we find ourselves confronted by one great, plain duty, the duty of Work. Work for the one end now worth striving after—the liberation of all the races of men that dwell upon the face of the earth; and no one must neglect or evade any jot or tittle of the labor that comes to our hands asking to be done.

The women of Chicago like those of other cities have risen to a realization of this one duty. The men of

military age have gone and are going into battle. The women are doing what they can for these men. All those I know are laying aside other things for this. To name them would not only be to reprint the social register, but also to print the names of hundreds of noble women in the humbler walks of life. How much they have done, how much they will find to do is a matter of public knowledge, and therefore needs no particularization here.

I send this book out at this time as a possible one among the many things that will be useful, I may say needful in the hours of rest. I send it now because I realize the period of my professional work must soon draw near; and because my share in the war work calls me and is not to be denied.

My wish has been to share with you who read, the pleasure and profit which were mine in knowing those who have here been brought before you; if you have enjoyed this experience it will therefore prove to be my greatest reward.



My Chicago

Chapter One

"ANNA, why don't you take up public reading? I think you'd make a great success of it."

The words came gaily, lightly, from a young friend of mine who at that particular moment was engaged in painting a bunch of poppies on a china jar. There was a pause of some minutes. Then I inquired from the couch where I was lying,

"How would you go about it?"

"I would go to the Hershey Music School and enter the classes of Professor Walter C. Lyman."

I had never heard of the Hershey Music School nor of Professor Lyman, nor had I ever heard anyone read for entertainment with the exception of Mrs. Scott Siddons, although at that time dramatic reading and the recital of dialect and humorous selections was already popular, with several successful artists in the field.

Why the idle remark of my friend should have made a sufficiently deep impression upon my mind to cause me to act upon her suggestion, is a psychological question I am not prepared to answer. I only recall that nothing further was said upon the subject, but that nine o'clock the next morning found me in the office of the Hershey School.

I was met by Mrs. Hershey, who informed me that Professor Lyman's connection with the school had been

severed and that a young man from Elgin, Mr. Samuel Kayzer, had been engaged to take his place and was to give his first class lesson at ten o'clock, and added that she would be happy to have me stay and hear the lesson. I did.

Mr. Kayzer had been in America but a short time. He came from Warsaw, where as a child he had been a devotee at the shrine of Madame Modjeska. He had been earning his living as adjuster in a watch factory in Elgin where, being an appreciative and talented student of dramatic literature, he had found his way to the classes which Professor Lyman was then conducting there and had won so much approbation for his interpretative readings that Professor Lyman had cordially recommended him to fill his place in the Hershey School. He gave up his position in the watch factory and entered upon his career as instructor in 1877.

Of course my first class lesson was all Greek to me; but for the same unknown reason which brought me to the school I engaged a term of lessons, and took a private lesson before leaving. The lesson consisted of repeating after my teacher, line by line, a poem, then popular, by J. F. Waller, called "Magdelena, or The Spanish Duel," the first verse of which is:

"Near the city of Sevilla, years and years ago,
Dwelt a lady in a villa, years and years ago.
And her hair was black as night
And her eyes were starry bright.
Olives on her brow were blooming,
Roses red her lips perfuming,
And her step was light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy;
When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
'Twas the thrilling of a linnet;

When she sang you heard a gush
Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush.

. . . . . .

Ah! that lady of the villa!
And I loved her so,
Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago."

The poem was long, filled with unpronounceable names, but effective when recited by men reciters of that day. I went through it, as I said, parrot fashion, and hastened home to report the result of my visit to my mother, and to learn the poem.

We were living at 447 West Washington street, which at that time was the most desirable residential district in Chicago. In our block lived Bishop Whitehouse and his family, the Albert Spragues, Tuthill Kings, Philo Carpenters, J. J. Glessners, T. M. Averys, R. T. Cranes. A little farther east were the Benjamin H. Campbells. After Abraham Lincoln's death, Mrs. Lincoln and her children sojourned for a time at number 375. Not far from them lived Bishop Fallows and near by was the home where Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor was born and passed his childhood. On the corner of Ada Steet lived Dr. Joseph P. Ross who with Dr. DeLaskie Miller and Dr. Ephraim Ingalls (both of whom lived in the neighborhood), were the three great physicians in Chicago at that time. Dr. Miller was the father of Mrs. Charles C. Curtiss. In the next block west lived the Andrew McLeishes and the C. K. G. Billings. Two blocks south on Monroe Street were the Allan Pinkertons, Thomas Chalmers, and the Francis A. Riddles. Around the corner on Ashland Avenue were the John A. Hamlins, E. Nelson Blakes, Henry Wallers, J. Harley Bradleys, J. Russell Jones, Carter H. Harrisons and a few years later, the William J. Chalmers and Heaton Owsleys.

My father, Allen Denison Morgan, had died at Auburn, New York, where we lived during the panic of 1871, and left my mother (who before her marriage was Mary Jane Thornton), with five children—my two brothers, Seward and Charles, both of whom died in 1890, two sisters, Ida and Marian; and myself. My mother upon the advice of friends had moved with her children to Chicago in 1876.

China painting was then the rage, and my sisters were proficient artists. My sister Marian taught in one of the schools in St. Louis in 1877. Later she had classes in Chicago, one of them being at the home of Mrs. John M. Clark, 2000 Prairie Avenue. My part was to organize the classes. Mrs. Clark was a bride at that time, and I shall never forget how fascinated I was by her beauty, and charm of manner.

I had grown tired of "promoting" and was eager to enter upon a career of my own, which in a measure accounts for the readiness with which I acted upon my friend's advice to become a "reader" as she called it. I had had no preparation for a public career, had lived very quietly in Auburn and the country about it, had attended few lectures, concerts or plays; in fact, I think I had only attended two plays—"Fanchon the Cricket" and "Jane Eyre"—but from the departure from my home and the taking of my first lesson I seemed to have been imbued with the determination to succeed, not so much to win renown as to become independent financially and to be able to help others who might need my help. So I worked with unflagging interest and a steady determination, which was never deterred by the innumerable obstacles which everyone who sets out on an artistic career is bound to encounter.

Being ignorant of the ways of the world, of the history of great artists, of their beginnings, struggles and achievements, I was unable to estimate what it meant to attain

to a masterful position in art; so I rushed in, dared to do what I should now hesitate to undertake, and thus arrived shortly where I could command opportunities and demand a good price for my services.

Like all schools of Music and Dramatic Art, the Hershey School, which had been founded in 1873 by Sarah Hershey, a successful teacher of singing, frequently gave recitals, to present the members of the faculty and such students as had proven their ability to appear becomingly with them.

My first ambition was to be on one of those programs. The opportunity came in due time in the receipt of the following letter:

> Hershey Music Hall, Chicago, Feb. 6, 1880.
>
> My dear Miss Morgan:—Would you like to assist us at our next Popular Concert on Tuesday or Wednesday evening of next week? If so, I would be glad to give you one, two, or three places on the program, which will be an excellent one, and the audience will undoubtedly be large. If you can accommodate us, please send the titles of your selections by bearer.
>
> Yours in haste,
>
> H. Clarence Eddy.

I put down, among other things to recite, a little Scotch dialect selection called "Charlie Machree." Charlie's sweetheart was on one side of the river, he on the other. She calls out to him to come over to her. The poem relates the perils of his undertaking, and the words "he's sinking, he's sinking, oh, what shall I do?" are repeated several times. I remember my mental state as the time for my appearance on the platform arrived. I determined to seem very much at home and do various "things" which I had seen professional artists do when

they stood before an audience. One or two of them was to move a table slightly, or a chair or both; turn over the leaves of a book (which need not necessarily contain the selection to be recited), touch the lips lightly with a handkerchief, then place it on the table, adjust the "train," clear the throat, then with a patronizing smile and a "real bow" announce in a sententious tone the title of the thing to be recited. I believe I carried out these details to the letter, and started off fairly well; but alas and alack! I began to be overtaken by stage fright —a usual part of first appearances, and when Charlie was in the middle of the stream I forgot my lines. I kept on repeating "He's sinking, he's sinking, oh, what shall I do?" The audience became a black and seething mass. I wrung my hands and wildly kept on crying "He's sinking, he's sinking, oh, what shall I do?"

Finally the concluding lines came to me and I landed Charlie safely in the arms of his sweetheart, and so concluded one of the greatest pieces of realistic reciting I ever remember being engaged in. I recall that when I reached the green room Mr. Eddy remarked,

"Poor Charlie! We thought at one time he was going to the bottom, but thank Heaven you landed him safe and sound."

The faculty of the Hershey School at this time comprised H. Clarence Eddy, Frederick Grant-Gleason, Frank T. Baird, Clayton F. Summy, W. S. B. Matthews, Samuel Kayzer, Prof. von Klenze and his wife Clara von Klenze, and Mrs. Hershey. Among the advanced music students were Grace Hiltz, Mina, Pauline, and Annie Rommeis, and Agnes Cox. Grace Hiltz afterward married Mr. Gleason; Mina Rommeis became the wife of Mr. Summy; and finally Mrs. Hershey became Mrs. Clarence Eddy.

The one member of the faculty of the Hershey School whose memory stands out by reason of his written work

was W. S. B. Matthews, a man of unusually broad and varied mental equipment. His text books on music have become standard the whole world round. He was less a musician in the ordinary sense than he was a master in the knowledge of the theory and art of music. He was the only one of the few great scholars in music with whom my work has brought me into contact, who was totally without bias in his attitude toward all the departments of the art, to all of the socalled schools of music, and to the performances of professional musicians.

It is highly unusual to find creative or synthetic powers residing peacefully in any one mind side by side with the power of analysis. Mr. Matthews had both, and their possession and coördinate action made him a truly great critic. As illustrative of this I remember a curious embarrassment that overtook Will Eaton, while Will was music critic on the Chicago Times. Will Eaton used to say of himself that all he knew about music of any kind was whether or not he liked it; and that all he could write about it was why he liked or disliked. He was honest enough to feel that his public was in all fairness entitled to a judgment that would stand; so when he was confronted by performances that required high technical knowledge, he called in Matthews to go hear the thing and write the criticism. A succession of such criticism, highly informed and expressed in phrases that anybody could understand, brought recognition and respect from all the great lights in music in this country and Great Britain. They were quoted, sometimes reproduced in full, in publications devoted to music. Hence the embarrassment of Eaton. He found himself with a reputation he had not earned, and it took him a long time to get that credit transferred to Matthews. Neither one of the two had been aware that their style of writing was the same.

Mr. Matthews had a curious sense of humor. But he

had a defect of oral delivery which made him unintelligible to most people, a fact of which he himself was totally unaware, and which was productive at times of strange results. He had a story that must have been uproariously funny, because he could not tell it without going into paroxysms of laughter. No one ever found out any more about it than that it was concerned with two dogs. Several of his newspaper friends, aching to get at it, tried to induce him to put it in writing. The request invariably stirred him to indignation. He regarded it as an attempt to make public property of the funniest story that was ever told. He is dead now; and the story died with him.

While I was at the Hershey School and he was one of the instructors he made a point once every week of lecturing to his class—with the assistance of a blackboard. These lectures usually occupied an hour, and the class would go away without understanding a solitary word that he had uttered.

In a short time I rose to the distinction of giving several numbers in an evening recital with Mr. Kayzer, I having the first half of the program, he the last. This opportunity was considered a great honor. I wish I might put down the numbers on the program, but I cannot recall a single one. The Tribune of August 10th, 1879, contained the following announcement.

"Professor Kayzer will give the third of his series of readings at Hershey Music Hall on Thursday evening, August 12th. The program will consist of a choice selection of miscellaneous pieces in which Miss Anna Morgan, a young lady who is said to possess excellent dramatic powers, will take part."

My next appearance was at Austin, Illinois, where I received my first five dollars. The town was deluged with posters announcing that Miss Anna Morgan, Chicago's Favorite Reader, would appear in the town hall

on Tuesday evening November 16th. Admission twenty-five cents.

I now considered myself a professional. Soon after that on a never-to-be-forgotten evening about seven o'clock the doorbell rang, and I opened the door. A very dignified man said:

"I am looking for Miss Anna Morgan, the dramatic reader."

I was greatly annoyed to have been deprived of the privilege then in vogue, and thought an essential point in business, of keeping him waiting and then sailing into the "parlor" with an air of great importance, calculated to impress the caller. In this case I had to admit that I was Anna Morgan, and ask him to be seated. He told me he had been sent by the Bryant Literary Society to engage me to read on a program to be given the following week. He said he wanted two numbers and would send a carriage and pay me ten dollars. I remember I straightened up, assumed much dignity, knit my brows and tried to figure out whether my engagements would permit my accepting this date. I finally said I could, and the man left with what seemed to me much satisfaction at having secured my services. I don't remember who composed the Bryant Literary Society, nor where it was situated, nor whether I ever had been on the north side before. I remember I recited "The Maiden Martyr" and "Asleep at the Switch," and some humorous encores, and regarded it as the most important event in my life up to then.

About this time occurred a most amusing incident. My mind had begun to expand beyond the limits of Chicago, and as Mr. Kayzer had lived in Elgin I thought it would add to our fame and fortune to give an entertainment there. Accordingly my brother Seward made a trip to Elgin as advance agent and engaged Mendelssohn Hall for Thursday evening November 14th, 1878. It was the custom to intersperse readings with musical numbers

at that time, so we engaged the Chicago Ladies Quartette, which consisted of Grace Hiltz, Agnes Cox, Mina and Pauline Rommeis. My brother, who by the way had never had the slightest experience in promoting an entertainment, had some bills struck off and distributed about the town, confident that they would produce a crowded house.

The day came and we all went down, my brother Charlie going along to take the tickets and the money. Alas! as between the performers and the audience, the latter was in the minority; and we returned to Chicago having paid dearly for the privilege of appearing in Elgin.

Sometime in 1879, Henry L. Slayton, a manager of local entertainments, got up a Readers' Tournament, which was given in McCormick hall, situated on North Clark Street just over the bridge. I remember George Vandenhoff, Sr., one of New York's famous readers, was on the program, also James E. Murdock, a reader and teacher much respected and admired, one of America's numerous Hamlets, and who was asked to read "The Lord's Prayer." I remember he said he could not do this in cold blood, but consented to read a selection in which it was suitably introduced.

There now seemed to be a "growing something" in the air about "Anna Morgan's recitals," and one day Mrs. E. Nelson Blake, mother of Mrs. H. H. Kohlsaat called at my home to engage me to read in the Second Baptist church, which was then in Sangamon street on the west side, and of which she and her husband were leading members. She said she would pay me twenty-five dollars, which she did, making me feel as though I belonged to the Rothschild family. I do not remember what I read, nor what I wore, which was an all important thing—more so then than now; but I do remember that immediately after Mr. Franc B. Wilkie, then one of the editors of The Times, engaged me to read on the west side in a Baptist Church on Park avenue, and that I wore a black

velvet gown the train of which was so long that it could not be accommodated on the high pulpit platform, but swept off on the floor. This I felt must look very grand as I sat with the utmost dignity in one of the high backed pulpit chairs and recited Mrs. Browning's "Mother and Poet" and other funereal numbers.

I remember driving with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie after the program to Thompson's restaurant in Madison street for an oyster stew, which was the gay thing to do at that time. Mr. Wilkie remarked that my program had recounted as many deaths as were recorded in the play of Hamlet. I also remember that there appeared in The Times the next morning the first professional criticism of my work which I had received.

After this, for a time, I never went outside my home without imagining that everyone was saying "There she comes!" or "There she goes—that's Anna Morgan!" A few years opened my eyes to the fact that the world has too many interests to concern itself with the advent of any new aspirant to artistic honors, and that a man or a woman must do something phenomenal to become a subject of universal recognition and comment. How delightful, then, is the blissful ignorance of youth, which admits of a few brief hours of veritable triumph and happiness before the hardships and real struggle of a professional career begin!

On April 12th, 1879, posters announced a Reading and Musicale in the Third Presbyterian church at Ashland and Ogden avenues. The announcement stated:

"A Dramatic and Humorous Recital will be given by the highly talented and favorite reader Anna Morgan, her last appearance in Chicago this season, in combination with the celebrated Chickering Quartette, Charles A. Knorr, Charles H. Clark, John E. McWade and Charles F. Noble, forming one of the most attractive entertainments ever offered to the West Side public. Tickets twenty-five cents."

The Chicago Tribune on Sunday December 25th, 1880, contained a half-page advertisement of the Star Lecture Course to be given in Central Music Hall under the management of Henry L. Slayton. Holders of season tickets were asked to pay twenty, thirty, forty and fifty cents for each entertainment, including reserved seats. The course opened with four "stars"—Jessie Couthoui, Reader; Joseph Heine, the great blind Violinist (first appearance); and The Chickering Quartette. The second date was October 27th, with Clara Louise Kellogg and her Company, Herr Emil Liebling, Solo Pianist. On November 16th the program announced A. P. Burbank, the renowned dialect reader. Anna Morgan the favorite reader, and the Chicago Quartette.

On February 10th, 1880, I appeared for the benefit of the Foundling's Home in conjunction with the Chicago Lady Quartette; reciting "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," and "How Ruby Played." On September 2d of that year I appeared in Highland Hall, Highland Park, in an entertainment given by Mrs. N. E. Swarthout, reading "How Ruby Played." Others on the program were Samuel Kayzer, who recited "The Diver" by Schiller; Laura Dainty, who recited "Tom's Little Star," by Foster; and the Harmonic Quartette.

Perhaps it is time for me to mention the readers best known in the field in Chicago at this period. They were Robert L. Cumnock, founder of the School of Oratory in Northwestern University; Alfred P. Burbank, a successful reciter of dialect selections; Jessie Couthoui, Laura Dainty, myself, and a few others of less achievement. Miss Couthoui and Mrs. Dainty were popular for several years. I remember Miss Couthoui chiefly by her masterful recital of "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," written by Trowbridge in 1868. After Dædalus and Icarus, Darius is usually taken as the first man who wanted to try mechanical flight. Mr. Trowbridge's effort

may be allowed the license usually granted to poetry, but as a matter of fact it expressed the disbelief of his own day. It hit the public fancy partly on that account, and partly because it was intrinsically funny, but it overlooked the fact that man in all ages has wanted to emulate the bird, has yearned to conquer the one element that seemed beyond his power to subdue. Long before the day of Darius Green, Montgolfier succeeded in levitating himself far above the ground by means of a balloon filled with heated air—all unaware creating in himself a demonstration of an illusory value now commonly deprecated in a slang phrase. Later on another Frenchman, whose name I have forgotten, did succeed by means of artificial wings attached to his arms and legs, in flopping through several yards of air between the roof of a building and the turf of a lawn, where he landed with considerable personal injury to himself. I do not know whether Mr. Trowbridge got his quaint conceit from this last named performance, but about forty years later the Wright brothers justified the query entertained by Darius by making their first long glide in a heavier than air machine at Kittyhawk, North Carolina; and we all know what has happened since. Then and there they answered the sturdy question of Darius:

"The birds can fly
And why can't I?
Must we give in,"
Said he with a grin,
"That the blue bird and phoebe
Are smarter'n we be?"

"Nur I can't see
What's the use of wings
To a Bumble bee
Fur to get a livin' with,

More'n to me.
Aint my business
Importanter'n hisen is?"

Miss Couthoui had very large eyes and a broad mouth, and when she impersonated Reuben as he watched Darius about to launch from the barn door in the loft, she had a trick of first contracting her mouth, and then slowly opening it as Reuben's amazement increased, until it assumed such unusual proportions that it brought storms of applause.

Mrs. Dainty had a large repertoire of humorous selections, among which were "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," "A Naughty Little Girl's Views of Life in a Hotel," "Tom's Little Star." "Money Musk" and "The Dead Doll." Some years later Mrs. Dainty became Mrs. Fred Pelham, and has since been associated with Hull House, where she has efficiently and successfully developed and managed the Hull House Players, whose fame is more than local.

In the latter part of November, 1879, just two years from the time I had resolved to succeed as a reader, I made my first appearance in New York City. Among my testimonials is the following:

New York, December 3rd, 1879

My dear Miss Morgan:—I want to thank you for the excellent entertainment you gave us last evening in the parlor of the Church of the Messiah. The gathering was one you might well be proud of, both as to number and quality. They were all delighted with your wonderful recitations, as I was, and gave proof of their feelings in swift laughter and tears.

ROBERT COLLYER.

Doctor Collyer at that time was one of the few eminent clergymen in the United States, and this word of

commendation from him proved helpful to me. I remember it brought an engagement in Boston on December 17th. I do not recall the auspices under which I read, but I have an excerpt from the Boston Journal of December 18th, in which the critic stated that "Miss Morgan read with marked effect, the audience giving decided evidence of appreciation of her ability as a public reader."

On April 20th, 1880 I gave a recital in the Academy of Music in Auburn, N. Y. This was an important event to me, for I had been reared there, also my father and mother and their parents. Nathan Gallop Morgan and his wife Ann Allen (for whom I was named). Stephen Thornton, my maternal grandfather, and his wife Charlotte Purchais, were all born in the vicinity of Auburn and lived and died there. Cayuga County was often spoken of as a "hive of Morgans." My grandfather Morgan and my father Allen D. Morgan, were prominent as members of the state legislature and were intimate friends of William H. Seward, our most illustrious fellow-townsman, after whom one of my brothers was named. Roscoe Conklin was a classmate of my father at Hamilton College at the same time my mother attended Miss Kelly's School at Utica, famous at that time.

As nearly everyone in Auburn and vicinity had known my parents, and me as a child, my appearance as a public performer was a matter of general interest. I was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience. The Auburn Advertiser the next day gave a glowing account of my appearance, and Herrick Johnson, D.D., who was in the audience and later was identified with the Fourth Presbyterian Church and McCormick Theological Seminary here in Chicago, gave the following testimonial:

> "I have heard Miss Morgan with real pleasure. She does not rant and this is an unspeakably grati-

fying thing to say in view of so much that is heard in public readings. Grace and naturalness of manner, a voice into which can be put tenderness and tears, a quick appreciation of varying shades of thought and feeling, and a judgment that prevents the extravagance of extremes, are Miss Morgan's marked characteristics."

During April, 1882, I filled a number of engagements in Kansas, receiving flattering notices from Lawrence, Atchison, Wichita and St. Joe, Missouri. In the latter place I was entertained by Constance Runcie, a poetess of considerable local fame. My engagement to read there followed soon after the capture of Jesse James, an outlaw who had outwitted the officers for some time, and who had become a serious menace to the community and to the state. His capture had caused much excitement throughout the country. I mention this because of what followed.

My next engagement was at Mound City, and the night after that I was to read in Lincoln, Nebraska. In order to reach there in time I was obliged to drive from Mound City, which was off the main line of the railroad, and catch a train on the main line at 2 a. m. I engaged a liveryman to take me over after my reading in Mound City, and reached the station about 10 o'clock. It was pitch dark save for a dim light which came from a window in the station. The man deposited my trunk and myself on the platform. I paid him, and he drove off. I groped my way into the station and discovered that it was empty save for the ticket agent. I had also observed that the house was isolated, no other building being in sight, I was somewhat frightened, but resolved to put on a brave front, although I realized that I was in an uncomfortable position.

I ventured to speak to the ticket agent, who informed

me that he usually stayed to meet the two o'clock train, but that that night he had to leave at once because his wife was ill. My heart sank at the thought of being left alone at such an hour on a Kansas prairie. My alarm was increased by the entrance of six burly men, whom I immediately concluded were accomplices of Jesse James and part of his gang. My trunk on the platform contained my best clothes, a valuable set of diamonds, and three hundred dollars; and I wore a new sealskin coat. I saw the man in the office and myself gagged and tied with a rope—if not murdered—and all my effects appropriated by the desperadoes. It was a terrible moment, but I sat apparently composed in a chair close to a red hot stove with my eye on the man at the office window until the train came.

The agent, be it said to his credit, did not leave me, but stayed and saw me safely aboard the train for Lincoln. For years I could not get over thinking of what might have happened, and how perilous it was for a young woman to go out on a lecture tour alone, although in this instance a companion would have been of little help had the six men proved to be desperadoes.

Chapter Two

ABOUT this time Mrs. Scott Siddons was announced to appear in a matinee recital at a small hall on the south side of Madison street between Clark and La Salle streets. It was called Farwell Hall. I said not a word to anyone, but purchased a ticket and took an inconspicuous seat and listened with rapt attention to her dramatic recitals from Scott and Shakespeare, entranced by her rare beauty and gorgeous costume.

As I came down the stairs, when the program was finished, I was suddenly seized with the idea of going to see her. I learned she was staying at the Tremont House in Lake street. I had never been in an hotel in my life, but I mustered up sufficient courage, sought out the Tremont House, and sent up word to Mrs. Siddons that a young lady wished to see her. She requested that I be shown to her room. I found her at dinner, which she had ordered served upon her return from her reading.

She received me cordially, and to my surprise asked me to recite for her, which I did, selecting from my repertoire "The Bells of Shandon" and then "Rock of Ages," a poem which depicted the singing of the hymn by an old woman, a young child and other characters. When I had finished she said,

"Miss Morgan, you read very well. I should like you to appear on one of my programs the next time I come to Chicago."

I replied that I should like it very much and that I thought it would be nice if we could do something together. She asked what I would suggest, to which I promptly responded,

"The garden scene from Mary Stuart by Schiller."

She said she thought it was a good idea, and asked me which part I preferred. I told her Queen Elizabeth; whereupon she said she would study the scene and memorize the part of Mary Stuart, and we shook hands and parted.

For months I walked on air in anticipation of this great event. One day in November, in 1881, as I was about to board a Madison street car in front of McVicker's theatre, a man who knew of my expectation hailed me with:

"Did you know Scott Siddon's agent was in town?"

I said, "No." Whereupon he said, "You better go over and see Carpenter."

Mrs. Scott Siddons.

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"Mr. George Benedict Carpenter was then the Manager of Central Music Hall in State street, at the corner of Randolph, now covered by a part of Marshall Field's establishment.

My feet scarcely touched the ground as I fairly flew to Mr. Carpenter, who told me that Mr. J. Leslie Allen had just arranged for Mrs. Siddon's appearance in Central Music Hall, that he was stopping at the Tremont House, and that I had better get hold of him at once. Over I went, and instead of going to the office I asked the elevator boy if he knew Mr. Allen. He said he did and that Mr. Allen was up in his room. I asked him if he would point him out to me when he came down, and seated myself and waited patiently for two hours, when a dapper little fellow came out of the elevator.

I immediately stepped up to him, told him my name, and asked him if Mrs. Siddons had told him of our agreement that I should appear on her program. He said "No."

"Where is Mrs. Siddons to-day?" I asked.

He gave me her address, which was some town in Indiana. I went to the telegraph office and sent this message:

"Please telegraph your agent informing him of your invitation to me to appear with you here.—ANNA MORGAN." In two hours the message came:

"Put Miss Morgan on my program. MARY F. SCOTT SIDDONS."

When the eventful day came I was in bed with an old-fashioned sore throat, and my beloved mother, following a custom of the time, had my throat "done up" in salt pork enveloped in red flannel. I was very ill, but when night came I determined to brave it out and go down to the hall. Central Music Hall at that time was new, and a beautiful place it was. It is a great pity Chicago was

deprived in 1903 of such a desirable and much-needed temple of art, one which never has been adequately replaced.

Mrs. Siddon's appearance was the first dramatic recital to be given in Central Music Hall. The interest on the part of the public in seeing the new hall, with that of seeing and hearing an artist possessed of historic name as well as of fame and beauty, attracted a representative audience which tested the capacity of the house.

When I arrived in the dressing room Mrs. Siddons greeted me as a well loved friend, which did much to quiet my temperature—physical and mental. I was so entranced by her beauty that I completely forgot myself and watched her put the finishing touches to her makeup, an art of which she was complete mistress. Even after she went upon the platform she had a fashion of changing a rose from one side of her belt to the other and doing various little things to give the audience time to become acquainted with her before she announced her readings.

The first part of her program consisted of selections from Scott's "The Lady of the Lake." Then appeared in distinctive type "How Ruby Played," by Miss Anna Morgan." I had selected this sketch, which had shortly before been printed in the New York Tribune, and which never had been given in Chicago. It was a countryman's description of Rubenstein's playing on the piano. The account was not only humorous, but truthful. Coming in contrast to Scott's classic poem and preceded by Mrs. Siddons' announcement that the next number on the program would be given by Miss Anna Morgan, whom she had no need to introduce to a Chicago audience, and who was suffering from a severe cold which she as a sister artist could fully sympathize with, resulted in a storm of applause—in fact a perfect ovation. I remember she kissed me and said:

"You must give them something more."

After going out and bowing a couple of times, I recited a pathetic little sketch called "Poor Little Joe," which recounted the death of a little waif, and left the audience in tears.

I remember I thought it would show great composure to move the chair on which I had been sitting while I gave the sketch, after I had finished, and that later on Mrs. Anna Cowell Hobkirk, an actress who was in the audience told me I must never do it again because it detracted from the pathos of my climax. To my amazement The Associated Press the following morning announced that Miss Anna Morgan had appeared in Chicago with Scott Siddons and had carried off the honors of the evening. While mortifying to me at the moment, it probably had no serious effect upon Mrs. Siddons' business, and did secure for me immediate openings in the larger lecture courses of the country, and my fee rose from $25 to $100.

I never knew why Mrs. Siddons was prompted to do this for me. Mr. Carpenter said the next day:

"It's the most generous thing I ever knew Mrs. Siddons to do."

At any rate, it gave me a tremendous "boost" which I have always appreciated, and I wish to contribute my little bunch of rosemary in remembrance of her kindness.

Mary Frances Scott Siddons was the daughter of Captain William Young Siddons, and was the great granddaughter of the famous Sarah Siddons. She was born in India and educated in Germany. In 1862 she married Scott Chanter, a British naval officer. In 1865 she prefixed the name Scott to that of Siddons, and took up a career upon the stage as an actress and dramatic reader. Her debut was made in London as Juliet. Her American debut was in Boston, where she appeared as Lady Macbeth.

In 1869 Mrs. Siddons was a member of Augustin Daly's Company at his Fifth Avenue theatre in New

York, playing Rosalind, Viola, Beatrice, King Renè's Daughter, and other parts. She was then in her twenty-fifth year, and her appearance was characterized as that of a demure vitality, not great in any part, but charming in everything. In reply to a letter I wrote her in which I spoke of her advantage in possessing beauty and a historic name, she replied,

"Before closing allow me to say that in my opinion, you, in common with many others, err greatly in supposing that either great beauty or an inherited historic name are of so great an advantage to me. Beauty never serves for long, and a great name is a most onerous burden unless there happens to be a good foundation to support it. The inheritance of the name of Siddons is enough to crush at once any aspirant to dramatic honors, unless he or she possess something more than that and beauty to make good the claim. The only good that my maiden name did me was that it attracted the attention of the public toward my first efforts; but it never helped me to satisfy their high expectations—rather the reverse.

Yours faithfully,

Mary F. Siddons."

Mrs. Siddons' last performance in Chicago was in 1883, when she played at McVicker's Theatre in "King Renè's Daughter." She died in London in 1896.

Immediately after my engagement with Mrs. Siddons I went to New York to secure if possible an appearance in a large course of entertainments then being given in Chickering Hall. I sought out the manager, one Mr. Vail, who had an office somewhere on Broadway, I think near Fourteenth street. I told him of my wish to appear in his course. He scarcely looked at me, and said,

"My course is full."

"I muttered, partly to myself, something about being disappointed, something about Chicago; when he sud-

Anna Morgan,
as she appeared with
Scott Siddons in 1881

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denly turned in the revolving chair in which he sat and said,

"You are not the young woman who has recently appeared in Chicago with Scott-Siddons?"

"Yes, I am," I replied. Then he said,

"Well, Vandenhoff has the gout, and may not be able to appear on the twenty-eighth."

Then he went on to mention possible openings, and finally said in a patronizing manner never-to-be-forgotten.

"Let me have your address, Miss Morgan, and I will telegraph you if I can make an opening for you."

I was staying with some cousins who lived well on the outskirts of Brooklyn, and thinking the telegram would reach me quicker, I gave my cousin's business address in Wall Street and took my departure, feeling perfectly sure the message to "read" would be forthcoming. My cousin, Mr. Franklin Morey, was an unsophisticated man of Quaker origin, wholly unacquainted with people in professional life, and I never shall forget with what an air of something distinctly out of the ordinary he came home in the middle of the afternoon a few days later with a telegram:

"Have put you on the program for January twenty-eighth. J. VAIL."

I haven't a program and cannot recall what I read, probably "How Ruby Played," "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," "The Brakeman At Church," and other numbers then in demand. I remember my appearance was productive of good results, and other engagements in Brooklyn and that vicinity followed.

On November 21st, 1882, I appeared in the Roberts Course, Boston Music Hall. Several years before, my father had paid a visit to Boston and on his return had given a wonderful account of the great organ which was a distinctive feature of this hall, and which he had heard in connection with the singing of Parepa Rosa.

Through the introduction of a friend I went to Hotel Winthrop in Boylston street, which at that time was the winter home of John G. Whittier, Celia Thaxter, and other professional and artistic folk. Soon after my arrival I met Charles Kent, an English actor, then at the Boston Theatre in a play called "The World," in which he died in the first act, which enabled him to come to Music Hall in time to hear me; and I remember how much he encouraged and helped me through this eventful occasion. I remember that as I stood on the most trying of platforms, which was remote from the audience (a faulty way of building platforms at that time), and realized that I was singing "Rock of Ages" to the great organ which I had heard my father talk about years before, I was almost paralyzed with fear. I must have disguised the fact, for Mr. James H. Roberts, manager of the course, sent me a testimonial the next day in which he said:

"Miss Anna Morgan of Chicago appeared in the Roberts Course, Boston Music Hall, November 21st, 1882, and made a successful appearance. Although a stranger to our people, she was heartily encored."

I remained a guest at Hotel Winthrop for two weeks, during which time I made many charming and helpful acquaintances, the most important of whom was John G. Whittier. We used to assemble in the parlor evenings after dinner and listen to his reminiscences. He was the simplest of men, wholly unsophisticated and untraveled, in appearance strongly resembling my grandfather Morgan. His memory was somewhat at fault. He used to tell us over and over again about a trip he once made to Hartford on the celebration of (I think it was) the seventy-fifth birthday of Harriet Beecher Stowe. On that occasion he was delegated to cross the lawn escorting Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who had a fashion at that time of dressing in an eccentric way. Mr. Whittier fairly blushed as he told of his embarrassment in escorting her

to her seat. He presented me with a copy of his poems, on the fly leaf of which was written "To Miss Anna Morgan, from her friend John G. Whittier."

This little volume I prized highly. Unfortunately it disappeared from my studios years ago, and I never was able to recover it. He read to me his poem "Marguerite" one evening when we were alone in his little parlor, and told me that he had planned a long poem on the subject of the French neutrals, but that Longfellow's "Evangeline" appeared on the same subject before he had collected his material, so he contended himself with publishing the shorter poem. I read for him on this occasion, and the next day he sent me the following letter:

Hotel Winthrop,
Boston, May 22, 1883

"I have had the pleasure of hearing Anna Morgan's recitation of Father Prout's 'Bells of Shandon' and other pieces, which seemed to me naturally and admirably rendered. She has a clear perception of the thought and fancy of the author, and a remarkable adaptation of the tone and gesture to their grave or gay words.

JOHN G. WHITTIER."

In June, 1883, I was invited to pay a visit to some relations in Evansville, Indiana. Soon after my arrival I was induced to remain and give instruction to a large number of society folk who were interested in doing things dramatic at that time. The work proved successful and entertaining, and at the end of six weeks, as a result of this, my first experience in teaching, I returned to Chicago with between five and six hundred dollars in my pocket, which seemed quite wonderful to me then.

Chapter Three

HEN the Chicago Opera House was built, in 1884, David Henderson who had been managing editor of The Daily News, became its manager. At that time Franklin H. Sargent of New York had started The Academy of Dramatic Art in connection with the Empire Theatre, and Mr. Henderson, wishing to keep abreast of the times, proposed a similar scheme in connection with his Opera House, and entrusted Mr. Kayzer, who was an intimate friend of his, to organize a school which at first was called The Chicago Opera House Conservatory.

Rooms were secured in the Reaper Block at the northeast corner of Washington street, diagonally across from the Opera House. This was not a desirable location for an æsthetic school, but it was thought it must be situated near the Opera House. The rooms were anything but attractive, but the moment for starting such a project seemed auspicious. The school flourished from the beginning. Unfortunately the records of those first years, in fact of all the succeeding years, were destroyed. I write of them entirely from memory.

In view of the fact that I had been successful in my efforts at teaching and rehearsing in Evansville, I was invited to become a member of the faculty, which numbered twenty-five, the names of whom I cannot recall with the exception of Colonel Monstery, a celebrated fencing master, George Sweet, and Katherine Van Arnhem (who taught singing), George B. Berrell from the Opera House (who was engaged as Dramatic Coach), Mr. Kayzer, and myself. Later on John Stapleton who had been associated with Augustin Daly, became the stage

manager and produced some very attractive plays at the Opera House, which helped to bring the school into immediate notice and favor.

It was the policy of the school to give a miscellaneous program of recitations and musical numbers before the public performance of plays. On one occasion I was reciting the garden scene from "Mary Stuart" when smoke began to appear from the rear of the stage. Realizing that a panic was imminent, I stepped to the footlights and assured the audience that the building was fireproof and there was no danger, and at once began the recital of a humorous sketch. The next morning The Associated Press announced in big headlines, "Panic in Theatre Averted by a Woman," and then went on to state the facts.

Some time in 1886 Frederick Perry, who has been more or less distinguished upon the dramatic stage, joined the Conservatory classes, and I rehearsed him in the first part in which he ever appeared before an audience. The play was a one-act farce called "Sixes and Sevens." Bella Tomlins and Sarah Truax, two young women who have since won distinction as artists, were also in the cast.

Of course a teacher in dealing with pupils from all grades of society, and with widely differing ideas regarding the art which they are seeking to represent, is bound to encounter painful as well as humorous occurrences. I will mention one which happened in the early days of the Conservatory. I had rehearsed a young woman Miss Katherine Alvord in the character of Barbara in a one-act play by Jerome K. Jerome, called "Barbara." Barbara was a poor girl and in the original production of the play was properly costumed in a simple grey gown with plain collar and cuffs. The girl made such a success of the role that a few weeks later, when Louis James was playing an engagement in Chicago, we decided to repeat the play at a matinée performance in order that

Mr. James, who was looking for a leading woman, might judge of her ability. I was ill when the day came, and unable to be present. After the play I was informed that Miss Alvord, in order to impress Mr. James, had appeared in a black gown heavily jetted. She thought it would give her a finer appearance, and furthermore she had taken an artificial rose which had been improvised as a property at the last moment because a genuine one had not been provided, and in an emotional climax had pulled the rose to pieces, disclosing to the audience the cotton on which it was built. Nothwithstanding these errors of judgment she was engaged, and played several successful seasons with Mr. James, and later with Augustin Daly.

In those beginning years of the Conservatory, evening as well as day classes were conducted. One night I came down to the school about 7 o'clock, and as I reached the elevator I discovered a little mite of a girl, her curly head and expressive eyes enveloped in a red woolen hood. She was accompanied by her brother, a youth of perhaps seventeen, who informed me they had come to see Miss Morgan because his little sister was talented and wished to take lessons. When we reached my studio I asked her name and was told it was Dora Drosdovitch, and that her father kept a second-hand clothing store in South Clark Street. I asked her to recite for me. Her recitation was full of all sorts of exaggerations and tricky "business" which had been taught her by some inartistic teacher of the old school. But the absurdities could not hide the expression of real talent with which I readily discovered the child was endowed. I was thrilled with the belief that I had found another Rachel, and immediately began to think of plays in which to exploit a child of ten.

A few years previous Augustin Daly had translated a play from the French for Bijou Heron, then a member of his New York company, in which the heroine was a

little girl. The name of the play was "Monsieur Alphonse." I had seen it produced at McVicker's Theatre. Happening to be in New York, I sought an interview with Mr. Daly and asked his permission to produce the play with Dora as the star. When he told me that his price would be two hundred and fifty dollars for a single performance my enthusiasm waned, and I contented myself with scenes between Hubert and Prince Arthur, from King John, and some performances of "Editha's Burglar" written by Frances Hodgson Burnett, a play which then was popular. "Dora" proved a distinct feature of Conservatory matinées for about three years, but for reasons which I do not recall her family moved west, and so far as I know she never had any connection with the professional stage.

Previous to that, Walker Whiteside, a lad of ten, had come to Chicago from Kansas, and after two years' training with Mr. Kayzer in Shakespeare parts made a successful debut at The Grand Opera House as "Hamlet" and "Richard the Third." On the opening night I yielded to his childish wish to wear a diamond ring of mine which he greatly admired and from which, after the play was over, a large diamond was missing, but it was miraculously discovered later on rolled up in the stage carpet. After this first engagement Walker grew so tall he could no longer star as a prodigy, and did not play until some years later, when he reappeared in "Hamlet" at The Schiller Theatre. I remember I sat next Teddy McPhelim, then dramatic critic of The Tribune, and how thrilled we both were as Hamlet left the stage after the scene with the ghost, uttering the words "Go on, I'll follow thee." We both agreed it was the most inspired delivery we had ever heard in a Shakespeare play. I might add that Walker Whiteside has continued to act from that time on, and is still an honored member of the dramatic profession.

Among other juvenile recruits to the Conservatory ranks a little later were the Murphy children, Fred and Marie, who came from Danville, Illinois. Fred was one of the most interesting and satisfactory members of my classes, and turned out to be an excellent reader and actor.

Under the stage name of Fred Eric, Fred joined Julia Marlowe's Company while yet he was a boy, remaining with it six seasons, during which time he won wide recognition as the one actor of the younger generation capable of reading blank verse with intelligence and proper emphasis. He played with Otis Skinner in a varied repertoire, and later accompanied the Sothern-Marlowe Company to England, where he won high praise from the London critics. He is the youngest American actor to win recognition at home and abroad for unusual gifts in the interpretation of poetic drama.

At this period Steele MacKaye had returned to New York from Paris where he had been studying with Francois Delsarte his analysis of expression. There was a great deal of excitement about Delsarte just then. Students were flocking to New York from all over the country, standing in line eager to pay twenty dollars an hour for instruction, convinced that this "new method" was a certain road to fame and fortune on the musical and dramatic stages.

I was impressed with the fact that it was a grammar of expression and that it would have a great vogue, so I went down and interviewed Mr. MacKaye, secured two books, translations of Delsarte's lessons written by two of his pupils, and at once began to teach the Delsarte Method of Expression, with the result that large numbers were attracted to my classes. I arranged a series of exhibition exercises for which I had music specially written, drilled a class of men in a pantomime depicting the death of Julius Cæsar, and another which I called "The Fate

of Virginia," based on Macauley's poem, and announced "An Hour with Delsarte" which was given in the Opera House.

I designed the costumes, and in order to get an artistic arrangement of colors went over to Marshall Field's and got samples of cheesecloth which I proceeded to pin on a large sheet of brown paper and experimented with them until I secured a satisfactory combination. This occasion was my first introduction to Elia W. Peattie, who had just begun to write for Chicago newspapers. She was sent by the Daily News to write up the novel performance, which she did. Her story with its illustrations occupied three columns of the paper. I remember she was greatly amused at sight of my sheet of brown paper with its bunches of color pinned on here and there. I still have that sheet in my possession.

Franklin H. Sargent, newly graduated from Harvard, had with many others become interested in the Delsarte Method of Expression, and as I have before stated, had started the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York. In 1886 he paid a visit to Chicago and accepted my invitation to give a talk at the Conservatory, in which he set forth the principles of Delsarte in the peculiar terms which enveloped that teacher's philosophy, dilating upon the concentric position of the right foot when the left arm was eccentric centro, and so on. I dared not look at Mr. Kayzer, John Wilkie, Lyman Glover, Robert Peattie, or John Stapleton during the talk, and as soon as Mr. Sargent took his departure they all swooped down upon me and said,

"Will you tell us what this man has been talking about? It's the biggest tommyrot we ever heard."

But it wasn't,—it was a grammar of expression couched in terms of art and at first presented in an impractical fashion, with much exaggeration which brought it into

more or less ridicule, but which left its impress upon the art of expression through voice and action.

Shortly after this, as I stood before one of my classes, I was impressed with the necessity for a book that would be of more practical value than the translation from the French, and I said "I must write it." So I set about it at once and prevailed upon my sister Marian and a friend to make some sketches of my pupils illustrative of the work, which they did. Before the book was finished I determined to go to New York to arrange for its publication. I had not the faintest idea of publishers, nor of their policies, nor methods, but the name of Appletons made a strong appeal to me, and upon reaching New York I went at once to their office. The reader for this then foremost publishing house in New York was an elderly man, very kindly in his manner. He told me their rule was never to accept a book without taking time for consideration; but when I told him I was obliged to return to Chicago the next day he politely consented to take the manuscript to his home in Brooklyn and read it.

I was in his office waiting for him upon his arrival in the morning. He told me the Appletons would publish the book, bringing it out in a paper cover to sell for fifty cents. This proposition did not meet with my approval, so I bade him good-morning and repaired to Houghton and Mifflin's New York office and presented my case. Young Mr. Mifflin told me I had better go over to Boston and see his uncle Mr. Houghton, the senior member of Houghton and Mifflin (by the way, they still are in the front rank of publishers); so I took the night boat for Boston. As I approached their office I encountered Moses True Browne, then at the head of the Boston School of Oratory. He inquired my errand in Boston and when I told him he said,

"I doubt whether Houghton & Mifflin will take your book, for they are just bringing out a book of mine and

it is against their rules to bring out two books on the same subject in the same year," which proved to be the case.

At their suggestion I went to Lee and Shepherd's and placed with them the book, "An Hour with Delsarte." They brought it out in most artistic style. It sold for two dollars a copy.

Among the pupils in the Conservatory classes at that time were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand W. Peck. Mr. Peck had become interested in the school and in Mr. Kayzer. As a consequence when the Auditorium building was projected it was decided the name should be changed to The Chicago Conservatory, and that we should remove to rooms especially designed for us in that building. The school became established in those new and beautiful quarters in 1889. Eminent teachers were added to the musical department, William H. Sherwood being placed at the head of the Piano Department, Leopold Godowsky, Calvin B. Cady, W. S. B. Matthews, Julia Lois Caruthers, and others being associate teachers.

Sig. Carpi of Milan was engaged as head of the department of singing, which included many distinguished teachers. I retained my position as head of the dramatic department, Mr. Hart Conway being engaged as stage director and producer of plays. The faculty was a large one, including all branches of music, dramatic art, dancing, and French, German and Italian.

I cannot undertake to record the many fine concerts given by members of the faculty and their professional pupils, nor of the stage productions given by Mr. Hart Conway from 1889 to 1899, for I have no records of them.

Chapter Four

OME of my own productions during my connection with the Conservatory are worthy of record as being among the earliest efforts in Chicago to produce the literary drama, which later on was called the New Theatre Movement and The Little Theatre.

On March 21, 1896, I gave the first presentation in America of Ibsen's "The Master Builder" at Powers Theatre, before a crowded house of representative social, educational, literary and artistic members of Chicago society. I had taken great pains in rehearsing it. I was fortunate in having an ideal cast. Altogether it was an event of dramatic importance in Chicago, and was truly appreciated by the small number who at the time knew something of Ibsen and who at least partially realized what an important share he was to have in the evolution of the drama.

Unfortunately Edward J. McPhelim, for some years the dramatic critic of The Tribune, a man of rare literary intuition and attainment, was too ill to attend the performance though he had looked forward to it with much interest. He was thoroughly familiar with this most literary of the Ibsen plays, and enthusiastic over its being done in Chicago; and of course would have written an intelligent criticism of the performance. As it was, Mr. Barrett Eastman was detailed by The Tribune to write the article. He acknowledged to the Chatfield-Taylors, with whom he sat at the play, that he had never read it, had never even heard of it.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, newly arrived in Chicago and much interested in the new theatre movement, made some

remarks before the curtain rose on the first act, in which he said among other things, "Ibsen is not on trial to-day, but the people of Chicago." Mr. Eastman took this remark for his cue and devoted about three columns to "roasting" Mr. Garland, the play, and its author. I have dwelt at length on this, because I wish to record the lack of appreciation and encouragement I encountered from our critics on this and subsequent occasions.

This being the first production of the play in English, the cast should be recorded:

Halvard Solness, a master builder	Mr. Edward Dvorak
Aline Solness, his wife	Miss Katherine Knowles
Dr. Herdal, their family physician	Mr. Albert Augustus
Knute Brovik, formerly architect, now assistant to Solness	Mr. John Dvorak
Ragnar Brovik, his son	Mr. Herbert Skinner
Kaja Foslic, his niece	Miss Margaret Wagner
Hilda Wangel	Miss Sophea Levea
	Miss Maud Caruthers
Ladies	Miss Jessie Harding

I also produced in 1896 "Old Wine," a one-act play written by Herbert Stuart Stone and Harrison Rhodes during their college days at Harvard. These young men had just started the publication of "The Chap Book" and for many reasons were popular, and their play, which was given at Powers Theatre, was largely attended and much appreciated by their numerous friends.

Mrs. Edward Mysenberg, mother of Janet Beecher and Olive Wyndom, was in the cast and distinguished herself as an old and privileged servant.

In 1896 Maeterlinck, as well as Ibsen, had appeared on the literary-dramatic horizon, and I had fallen

in love with the charm of his work, especially with a one-act play "The Intruder." Possibly my interest in the play and its author and the desire to meet him actuated me to visit Europe in July of that summer. I took passage on an Atlantic transport steamer for Paris. The boat carried freight chiefly, having accommodation for only forty passengers. Before we fairly set sail I became possessed of the idea to write an article "In a Modern Noah's Ark, or From America to Paris by Freight." There happened to be a man on board bound for Calcutta who made some clever sketches for me illustrative of my article, one of the Captain and his pet lamb, and some of the horses on board. I also wrote an article on Maeterlinck during the trip, called "The Belgian Shakespeare." Both articles were published in The Chicago Herald.

On this trip I made the acquaintance of Dr. Marcus Simpson, who had recently been graduated from Columbia University and who was on his way to Munich for a course in German literature. He happened to be in Brussels as guest of the American consul when I arrived there on my search for Maeterlinck, and readily accepted my invitation to go with me to Ghent and help find him. Upon our arrival after an hour's ride by train, we drove to a bookstore to learn his address. I remember the man whom we addressed said he knew no one by the name of Maeterlinck in Ghent. Whereupon Dr. Simpson said,

"Why, this lady has come all the way from America to see him. He is a famous man."

After some deliberation the man produced a card from a small drawer in a secretary remarking, "That might be the man." We jumped into our waiting cab and drove to the house, only to find a note tacked to the door saying Maeterlinck was at Oostaeker, his country home, a five mile drive into the country.

Although we had promised to join a party of friends

on the twelve o'clock train for an afternoon at Bruges, we determined to carry out our plan of finding Maeterlinck, so off we started. We arrived at his home in the nick of time, just as he was mounting his bicycle to go for a ride. From the nature of his writings I had expected to see a thin, pale, aesthetic looking man. Instead I found a man who was the picture of health, with black hair, eyes too blue to be violet, a ruddy complexion, and above the medium size. He was cordial but reticent, spoke French only, asked many questions about art and literature in America, expressed great interest in hearing of the production of "The Master Builder." When I told him I was going to produce "The Intruder" he seemed greatly pleased. He took us into his garden and picked a huge bouquet of old-fashioned flowers which he presented to me, after which we bade him goodbye in order to make our train. After my return to America I received a charming letter from him in which he referred to my brief visit, adding that he found in me "one not at all a stranger."

I began rehearsals of "The Intruder" in December, 1896, and although the play required less than thirty minutes in performance I continued work on it for three months, presenting it at Steinway Hall, February 27, 1897. It is safe to say it is one of the greatest one-act plays ever written, and the most difficult to rehearse, one that calls for the utmost patience. I sat and listened to it by the hour until I got the tone work and the rhythm which the play demanded, in several instances trying as many as twenty voices before finding the quality which the lines required. Three days before the date announced for the production, the man who had rehearsed the blind grandfather for three months was taken critically ill, and a new man had to be rehearsed. Fortunately he had been present at most of the rehearsals and was thoroughly

familiar with the lines and "business" and was able to give a creditable performance.

The play was given at 9.30 P. M. in Steinway Hall before the most critical audience which Chicago could offer, most of whom thoroughly appreciated my enterprise and courage in giving Chicago the opportunity of hearing this remarkable play. The newspaper men for the most part sat on the back seats and grinned, regarding both it and me as being "queer." I have no record of their printed criticisms, but Mr. Henry B. Fuller in an article written for the Atlantic Monthly on the theatres of Chicago at that time, said "Little can be found for approval beyond the efforts of Miss Anna Morgan of the Chicago Conservatory, who gives infrequent performances of Ibsen, Maeterlinck and the like, a work which she carries on with great enthusiasm and optimism despite the indifference of the middle public and the resentment of the newspaper press."

Following "The Intruder" I gave the first presentation of Browning's "In a Balcony" as a play, Miss Jessie Harding playing the Queen, Miss Amy Swartchild being the Constance, and James Carew (who later became the husband of Ellen Terry) acting the role of Norbert. I took infinite pains in its preparation, building a special setting in Recital Hall, the Auditorium. When the evening came the first person to arrive was Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the dean of the Browning cult in Chicago, who greeted me with these words:

"Miss Morgan, I am afraid to go in. You know this is a great poem and I am afraid to see it acted."

As Miss Harding in the role of the Queen slowly descended the steps of the balcony, draped in some gorgeous brocaded window hangings which we had resurrected from somewhere on the north side, looking the very embodiment of that particular woman, and said, "This hair was early grey," the expression of Mr.

Jones' eye prepared me for the eulogies which he recorded of her work and of the entire performance and which were printed in Unity Magazine.

An actor, a former student of mine who witnessed the performance, returned to New York shortly after and described it to Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyne, then famous as an interpretative reader of Browning. Mrs. LeMoyne was loath to believe the poem could succeed as a play. Nevertheless she herself presented it at the Grand Opera House five years later, with Eleanor Robson as Constance, Otis Skinner as Norbert, she herself acting the Queen. It was about as unrelated a cast as possibly could have been selected. Mrs. LeMoyne smacked of the reading desk of the old school, was dressed in a conventional theatrical costume; Mr. Skinner was fresh from rehearsals of Mark Antony, Miss Robson being the only fresh material, devoid of traditional mannerisms.

Mrs. Peattie, who criticized their performance, was careful to note that neither Miss Harding nor our performance in any way suffered in comparison.

In 1898 I gave the first presentation of "The Land of Heart's Desire" by William Butler Yeats, at a matinée at the Great Northern Theatre, which had just been completed; and a little later gave a notable performance of two one-act plays, "Afterglow" and "The Stranger within the Gates," from Mr. Henry B. Fuller's volume of twelve one-act plays entitled, "The Puppet Booth."

One incident in "The Stranger within the Gates" demanded that the heroine arrive on the scene in a coach. I had secured from Mr. Leroy Payne the use of an historic coach then in his possession. Just before the curtain was to rise on this act, one of the stage hands came to me in great distress, telling me the coach had arrived but that it was so large it could not be gotten through the stage door. Whereupon I flew to the door and called to the driver of a cab who chanced to be in

the alley, to take his horse from the cab and bring it upon the stage at once, which he did. When the moment came for the arrival I had the man whip up the horse so that his head could be seen from the wings, and amidst much excitement the heroine, who supposedly had alighted from a coach, appeared on the scene; and the audience applauded, little dreaming of what had transpired off stage.

A few months later I gave the first American production of "The Fan," by Goldoni, especially translated for my use by Mr. Henry B. Fuller. These plays called for large casts. In them were Mr. Harold Heaton, Mr. Irving K. Pond, Mr. John Robbins, and Miss Katherine Knowles, who later became Mrs. Robbins.

For years "Hamlet" had been a favorite play of mine, and one day in 1898 I suddenly realized what a variety of tone work the play represented, the role of Hamlet alone calling for the widest scope in the use of the speaking voice. Accordingly I planned and gave a recital of the play with nine Hamlets and three Ophelias, selecting the voices with special reference to their adaptability to the various scenes, each Hamlet leaving the stage as his scene was completed, and another Hamlet taking up the next scene—and so on to the end of the play.

The first Ophelia gave the farewell scene with Laertes as Laertes is leaving for France; the second gave the scene between Ophelia and Hamlet, ending with Ophelia's speech "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown"! To the third was given the mad scene where Ophelia pathetically chants fragmentary and wandering thoughts regarding her father's death, and takes leave of the Queen and her brother as she goes out to drown herself. Sarah Truax, who had been given these particular scenes, was studying with an Italian singing teacher at the time, who advised her that this was too good an opportunity to display her singing quality not to be taken ad-

vantage of. Accordingly, to my consternation, when she came upon the stage she proceeded to sing in genuine Italian operatic style. When the distressing scene was finished I rushed to the dressing room madly exclaiming, "You have ruined my play!" It is needless to add that our professional relations came to an end then and there.

Burton Holmes took some lessons in voice culture in the Conservatory before starting out on his career as a lecturer, and gave his first talk in Recital Hall, at which all his neighbors and friends congregated. Mrs. H. O. Stone declared it to be the best lecture she had ever listened to up to that time. He scoffed at the idea of ever being classed with Stoddard, yet he has far outdistanced Stoddard in the extent of his lectures, the subjects treated, and their numbers.

An interesting event in the days of the Conservatory in the Auditorium was a visit from Patti, who attended one of our matinées. A little one-act play called "Fast Friends" proved so attractive to her that she invited one of the girls to accompany her to her home in Wales that she might rehearse the play there and present it to her friends. Of course the girl accepted the invitation.

Chapter Five

N 1897 a young woman appeared in my studios. She said she was from Galesburg, Illinois, a teacher in one of the high schools there, and added that her name was Harriet Blackstone and that she wished to take some lessons. Quickly discovering her talent for charterization, I advised her to make a special study of Riley's boys, which she did and in which she was successful. She continued to come up now and then from Galesburg

and continue her work with me, then disappeared for two or three years during which she studied painting in Brooklyn and New York. One day she reappeared in my studios exclaiming,

"Miss Morgan, I am here to stay. All my earthly possessions including my mother are here, and I have taken an apartment near you on Lake avenue."

"What are you going to do?" I inquired.

"Paint portraits" was the prompt reply.

I smiled, though my heart sank at the thought of it, but she knew what she was about, and went at it in the spirit of certainty she had derived from her New England ancestry. And she was right. Her first order was to paint Ottilie Liljencrantz, a young author whose untimely death was a grief to all who knew her. Next came a commission to paint Judge Ewing. Then she moved to Glencoe, where she executed enough orders to enable her to build a charming bungalow and later on a studio. Miss Blackstone has been an industrious and painstaking worker, and for some years has been recognized as one of our best portrait artists. I arranged the composition for the portrait which she painted of me, a reproduction of which appears in this book. When she entered the room and took in my scheme for the picture she exclaimed,

"Do you expect me to paint that—well, if I don't I'm a fool, if I do I'm a good one." And she was—a good one.

Ottilie Liljencrantz, whom I have just mentioned, was a pupil of mine for several seasons, an attractive young woman with a mind unusually endowed. She had a vivid fancy and a true sense of proportion, she seemed to have been set apart for a career in literature, and in this I believe she would have won distinction. She was under twenty-five when she was called away, yet young as she was she had written one book that would have done

Reproduction of the portrait of Anna Morgan by Harriet Blackstone.

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credit to an older head and much longer experience. I mean her story "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky," really a noble book, rich not only in imagination but in historical knowledge of the Norse settlements upon the coast of Greenland a thousand years ago. The book had immediate success. It appeared about 1903, and the best evidence of its value lies in the fact that it still is selling.

During that season I gave a series of dramatic matinées in Recital Hall of the Auditorium, presenting in addition to various recitations, monologues and duologues, two one-act plays each week, thus affording valuable practice for professional members of my classes who were able to test their ability before an audience of five hundred. These recitals were supplemented by a series of noon Shakespearean programs.

I recall that Prof. David Swing was present at one of the afternoon recitals when a sketch I had adapted from Anthony Hope was given under the title "Nature and Philosophy." A young girl (Nature) endeavors to draw out a confession of love from a hyper-intellectual professor (Philosophy). The Professor is much engaged in research of some kind when she obtrudes herself upon his time and attention, and presents the case of a girl having two lovers, which he takes down in legal form under the titles of A and B. They have a long scene in which he remains obtuse to her intimations of admiration for him, until finally in despair she takes her departure. After some minutes the Professor looks at his watch, exclaims,

"Good gracious! Two o'clock. I shall be late for lunch!" (Rises with books and eyeglasses in hand, takes a few steps, pauses, speaks.) "Rather an interesting story, that of Miss May's. I wonder which she'll marry, A or B."

It has always been pleasant to know that the last time Professor Swing entertained a caller at his Lake Shore

home, a few days before his death, as he stood looking out over the lake he nodded his head, up and down, and quoted from the play: "I wonder which she'll marry, A or B."

In 1898 a very effeminate looking blond young man appeared at the Conservatory offices one day and engaged twenty private lessons. When I inquired what he wished to take up he replied that he desired to take the entire twenty lessons on the grave digging scene from "Hamlet" with which he proposed entering a public speaking contest at Northwestern University, Evanston.

He seemed so sanguine of his ability to succeed if given a chance that I began the lessons, with the result that I gave him the opportunity to appear in one of my noon Shakespearean recitals, which he did with credit both to himself and me. The contest resulted in the prize being equally divided between him and a young man who was quite famed for his rhetorical powers and a great favorite with the audience. The adage "Nothing ventured, nothing gained" was in his case illustrated.

Another similar case occurs to me: A young woman not at all prepossessing in appearance came in one day and said she wished to take up a two years' course of study, after which she proposed to go before the public as a platform entertainer. I was inclined to doubt the possibility of her success, but she was confident. A few months after her graduation a man came to my office and asked to see me. He said he was looking for a reader for Lyceum work in connection with a concert company. I telephoned this young woman, who fortunately was able to get to the studios in less than half an hour. The man heard her, and engaged her then and there. She traveled with his company for two years, then organized a company of her own, and for years made successful trips from Maine to Oregon, and finally made a professional trip to China. Her name was Emily Waterman.

The World's Columbian Exposition in 1893 was chiefly distinguished to the intellectual people of all countries by a series of congresses and conventions—philosophical, poetical, artistic and educational. With one of these gatherings I was personally concerned. This was a convention of Elocutionists. Elocution had flourished amazingly during twenty or more preceding years. It had its professors, and the professors their followers, all of whom took it and themselves seriously. It was supposed to be an art, where as we know now it was only a manifestation of an attribute of an art. The Exposition found it at its apogee. Thereafter it declined in a manner reminiscent of what Mr. Wegg described as "The Rise and Fall Off the Rooshan Empire." Today the wonder is that any of its professors ever were regarded as pontifical; and for its followers and their performances, "the winds have blown them all away."

As a part of my system of teaching I had been obliged to concede a place to it; and because I was at the head of a great school in Chicago, these Elocution people depended upon me for help. My friend Eugene Field was the most widely known poet then residing here. He had been doing considerable platform work, principally concerned with his own verses, and in that way had acquired wide personal popularity. I called on Melville E. Stone, who as editor of The Daily News had been instrumental in bringing Gene to Chicago. Mr. Stone had become general manager of the Associated Press, and I wanted him to give the convention publicity in connection with Gene's appearance. I thought I would better do that before approaching Gene himself. Mr. Stone threw his hands in the air and cried out to me.

"Oh Anna! an elocutionists' convention! The boys will have the time of their lives with it!"

And then he laughed and laughed, but finally he agreed to do what he could. Then I went after Gene and landed

him on condition that he would neither be asked to recite nor be recited at.

On the evening of the event Gene was the first arrival; he whispered to me,

"I will recite if you want me to."

When he was due for his turn, I asked Mr. Stone to introduce him. Mr. Stone agreed, mounted a chair, and said,

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Eugene Field has declared his intention to recite. If you will kindly wait 'til I get out of the building, I shall be much obliged."

Some of the visitors who did not know the relationship existing between the men were somewhat shocked but were soon engrossed in the retorting wit and original recitations of Mr. Field. No one present can ever forget the humor of "The Conversazzhyony," "Casey's Table d'Hote" or the pathos of "Long Ago" and "Little Boy Blue."

Few of us have ever been privileged to know another personality so winsome, so whimsical, so sincere as Eugene Field. Few of those who did know him have ever given him the place and rating that truly belong to him. He was widely esteemed as a poet of childhood, the children's poet. It was an error to adjudge him so. He wrote wonderfully beautiful and touching poems about children, but not for children. His poems of childhood were written for grown ups. Take for example the poem of "The Lyttel Boy." No mother or father who has lost a child can read that poem without tears. Indeed I doubt whether any normally constituted adult could read it and not be deeply and tenderly touched. But to no child did it or could it have any meaning. The same thing is true of all that group of poems the center and jewel of which is, "Little Boy Blue." To his closer friends he made no pretense of anything else. In fact he held but slight estimate of any of his work. It was not easy to

get him to talk of it. He has been known to admit with candor that he liked to make the women boo hoo. It is true he was a lover of children, even of his own, but his sense of being an affectionate father, indulgent and devoted, sometimes took on strange forms. It was his joke once when he got home around three o'clock in the morning after his work on the paper was done, to go up stairs and rout the children out of bed with the exciting information that they might find a great big candy mine in the dining room; and when they had whooped and tumbled down the stairway to overturn all the furniture in a search for that nonexistent treasure, he would go to his own room, close the door, and quietly go to bed. It was on some such occasion that the children got even with him. A man who has been up and working until two o'clock or thereabout may be understood to have need of rest. The whole troupe stole upstairs on such a night, and pounded on his door, one at a time, and scuttled off giggling, and finally came back and went in and disturbed him, also one at a time, until he got tired of it—and arose and drove them forth with a great simulation of wrath. Then he returned to his pillow and was slipping away to dreamland when the littlest boy softly pushed the door wide open and stood there in his little white night shirt and spoke at the top of his dear little voice, and said,

"Wats you terrior; mice, you pup; tum in to the alley, I'll do you up!"

He gave up, and got up and played with them at their rough little games until he wore them out. It so happened that he had to be at the office by ten o'clock that morning; and he complained bitterly to Mr. Stone of the miseries of a man whose family would not let him sleep.

An interesting dramatic event connected with the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893 was the presenta-

tion by the Augustin Daly Company on June 30th of a pastoral performance of "As You Like It" on the grounds of Fairlawn, the home of Mr. Charles B. Farwell at Lake Forest, in aid of the Children's Home of the Exposition. Interesting as the whole occasion was attention was largely centered upon Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor, then a bride, who received the guests as they alighted from their carriages, standing under the spreading branches of an elm tree, wearing a muslin gown with a blue sash and a wide leghorn hat, a veritable American Beauty "Rose."

In June, 1899, I went on a visit to New York and upon my return found matters in the Conservatory in a chaotic condition, so much so that it seemed expedient that I should set out on an independent venture which I had seriously considered doing for some time. In taking leave of the Conservatory I wish to express my appreciation of the opportunities it offered me in working out my plans, in those beginning years of my professional career. If I brought youth, enthusiasm and ability which helped to make it distinctive, it generously supported my endeavors; and so the connection was of common benefit.

It is doubtful whether any similar school has ever been so splendidly equipped both in the corps of distinguished and efficient teachers and in its artistic and adequate environment attracting discriminating and professional students from the east as well as the west. Mr. Kayzer, its founder, was a man of rare good taste both in music and dramatic art, but notwithstanding the fact that he had Mr. Lyman B. Glover and Mr. John B. Wilkie associated with him as managers, from time to time the very large salaries demanded and paid many of the instructors, together with other large expenses, made it impossible for a school not endowed to stand the financial strain.

In consequence Mr. Kayzer gave up the school and transfered his activities to New York, where he continues them.

Chapter Six

THE severance of my long connection with the Conservatory came so suddenly and so completely that I was wholly unprepared for the change. It was really a trying hour for me. I had to decide for myself what I should do. I walked through Van Buren street, and as I reached the corner of Michigan avenue I suddenly determined to go into the Studebaker building. I had heard it was being fitted up for studios. It has since been known as The Fine Arts Building. There I met for the first time, although we had been workers side by side for many years, Mr. Charles C. Curtiss, who had undertaken to open and direct this temple of art. When I explained to him the state of affairs and that I thought I ought to go to New York, I remember he said, "We want you right here, Miss Morgan," whereupon he proceeded to mark off the space he thought I ought to have on the eighth floor. I summoned my architect friend Irving K. Pond to the conference. Mr. Pond at once offered valuable advice and suggested plans, and I all at once found myself embarked upon an independent enterprise.

I can still see my friends Mrs. Peattie and Mr. Fuller, who came in to look over the ground, standing in one of the windows and shaking their heads dubiously at what seemed too great a venture—it was then late in the summer for securing students for that year.

But I proceeded to sit down and write a catalogue announcing the founding of "The Anna Morgan Studios," Miss Jessie Harding, assistant teacher, and called up,

Donnelley's printing office. Ben Donnelley answered the telephone. I said,

"Ben, I'm starting a new school; I haven't any money, but if I live you'll get your pay. Do you wish to do my printing?"

The reply came, "You bet we do," and the catalogues were printed and mailed.

In the meantime the Studios were built and decorated. The woodwork was black, and the walls were covered with a grayish purple burlap, and altogether they presented a unique and distinctive appearance. In fact the entire building quickly acquired the artistic atmosphere which Mr. Curtiss had desired and worked to obtain.

In other places, especially in connection with the art movements that led to the erection of The Art Institute and its galleries of paintings, I have mentioned various localities that were occupied from time to time by this or the other group of artists whose affair it was to promote or deal with one or other of the liberal arts. There is an aspect of the resultant situation apart from that presented by the Art Institute itself. A little later I will deal with the first effort to set up a permanent local center of art interests at the Auditorium; but for the present purpose I consider it more pertinent to the main issue to describe the real consummation of that desire in the present Fine Arts Building.

About the year 1889 Charles C. Curtiss, becoming aware of the insufficient work done up to that time, took it upon himself to bring into concrete form the distinct elements of a generally necessary purpose, and formulated the plan of a building sufficiently commodious, and perfectly located, which might house and become a focal point of all these interests. After a somewhat difficult negotiation he got possession of a part of the Studebaker property facing Michigan avenue; then had plans drawn for The Fine Arts Building, and with admirable tenacity

took hold of and carried through the financial organization necessary to the end in view. Everyone now knows his ideas were sound. The intermediate years, in which so many other related things have shifted and changed so often, have left his architectural and other subordinate ideas just as they were the day the building was thrown open for occupancy. This dignified and worthy enterprise could not have been carried to completion by any man of less repute in matters involving foresight, and probity of character. His own knowledge of art was based not so much upon schooling as upon native good taste and clear intuition. His reputation for integrity and his peculiar ability to deal with all sorts of men made his achievement one of comparative ease. He has been in charge of the property from the first, and has managed it with admirable skill.

In the beginning years of The Fine Arts Building there was a blending of the social with the artistic life in the studios that was truly delightful. We were all prosperous, with plenty of work to do, yet somehow there seemed to be time to exchange visits with our co-workers and take an active interest in the work which each was doing. Visitors were frequent; almost any day we were sure to see a group of Chicago friends who were entertaining out-of-town guests by bringing them to The Fine Arts Building and its attractive studios. It was a show place in the town, a rendezvous where you were sure to see interesting people. The samovar was in daily service between the hours of four and seven, and for a few years it was almost a continuous party. On my floor, in addition to The Fortnightly, John McCutcheon was domiciled during the first years he was in Chicago. John was a good neighbor, and of course a most interesting one to my patrons and my visitors. Meeting him in passing was an event in the day to the men as well as to the women who traversed the eighth floor in the

early nineteen-hundreds. After a time John moved to the tenth floor, which was exclusively an artists' colony. There he had for neighbors Lorado Taft, Charles Francis Browne, Ralph Fletcher Seymour and the Alderbrink Press, Herman MacNeil, Frank and Joe Leyendecker, Blanche Ostertag, Ralph Clarkson, George Ade, The Rose Bindery (founded by and presided over by Mrs. Chatfield Taylor), and many other wellknown artists. Most of the occupants of this floor constituted the artists' colony who had their summer camp at Oregon. Many of them are still there. Not only afternoon teas but night spreads, generally in the Browne studio, were of weekly occurrence, the company being augmented by a privileged few from the outside, with an occasional out-of-town visitor. There was an informality, a comradeship that is sweet to remember. Passing years and changed conditions have transferred those happy meetings to other places. The circle has been broken; many have gone away to other art centers. In addition to The Little Room, The Arts Club and The Cordon have come in to claim a share in the social life of the building, and to provide for the greatly increased number now affiliated in artistic endeavor.

The Woman's Club has maintained its roomy and hospitable quarters on the ninth floor and has not only increased in numbers but in the range of its activities and influence in both educational and civic movements, and has contributed in many ways to bringing Chicago up to a level with her eastern sisters.

Opposite the Woman's Club on the ninth floor was located the studio of Mrs. Milward Adams. Mrs. Adams and I began our work as teachers in Chicago almost simultaneously, working side by side for about twenty-six years. It is my privilege to record this tribute to her memory:

Miss Florence James of Keokuk became the wife of

Milward Adams on August 23, 1883. It was at the time when the Delsarte theory of expression had suddenly sprung into notice, and Mrs. Adams had benefited by training in the east, especially with Steele MacKaye. Aside from Mrs. Adams' acquired equipment for her chosen profession, she was possessed of a unique personality, an alert and subtle mind, and an especial gift for impressing the importance of her work upon the community. That it was the psychological moment for full fruition there can be no doubt, and the fact that Mr. Adams was manager of the Auditorium gave her unusual opportunities to come in contact not only with the great artists who constantly visited Chicago, but the public as well. This made the advantage a reciprocal one, and certainly provided a helpful environment. Unfortunately Mrs. Adams died in 1910, deeply regretted by hosts of friends the world over, a few of whom attested their devotion and love for her by placing a memorial statue in the Art Institute, and endowing the University of Chicago with a permanent scholarship in her name.

Ferdinand W. Peck had preceded Mr. Curtiss in the matter of time and with a large but different idea, in which the art feature was a detail. Mr. Peck like his father before him was a large figure in the financial affairs of the city. But when upon his father's death he became the head of the family and had a large fortune at his control, he faced at once toward the higher things in the life of the city, the things that were to shape and develop so much of the best in its future. He had been active in bringing about that memorable season of opera in the old exposition building about 1885. Adelina Patti and some of the finest voices of that time, supported by a gigantic orchestra, poured out the best of all the great works to audiences of ten thousand people. One of the most earnest if not the most able apostles of

music then administering culture to Cook County and its inhabitants was a soulful eyed individual bearing up most nobly under the name of Silas G. Pratt, a name suggesting less music than his preceptorship conferred upon those who were so fortunate as to be his acolytes. Mr. Pratt was in the spotlight, whenever it wobbled, during all those memorable performances; and at their end proceeding to have an idea.

This idea was stately. It included a vast temple, probably to be erected by the power of some such decree as produced in Xanadu the wondrous pleasure building of Kubla Khan—the source of funds immeasurable to man but necessary to the project being no affair of his to bother about. That was a detail to be dealt with by men of money. Logically, in the circumstances Mr. Peck was such a man; wherefore he hied him to Mr. Peck and revealed his plan. Mr. Peck was an excellent man of business. He did not care for Mr. Pratt's bold proposition in its entirety, but he caught the main point and set himself about the business of creating a great hotel, the biggest theatre in America, and an office structure, all three included, as a unit, in a single real estate operation. The result was the Auditorium, the hotel facing Michigan avenue, the Auditorium theatre with its main entrance facing Congress street, and the Auditorium building for offices facing Wabash avenue. It was a great undertaking, so cleverly devised that its financial returns would be large. Unhappily this last expectation has not always been realized, but the project itself as a whole became famous, the theatre has ever since housed the great opera companies that have sung here, and the office building has been fairly well filled all the time. But while the intent of the office building was to create an art center, its location and the rapid rise and demand for business space in that locality shouldered the artists

out of that domination which had been hoped for. This dereliction gave Mr. Curtiss his cue.

The architect of the Auditorium had already established a high reputation. He was Louis Sullivan, a Chicago man who had shown sane and well proportioned genius in several instances. The complete skill and the perfect good taste he manifested in the case of the Auditorium put him at once in the very first rank of great American architects. His subsequent works were largely in other cities, but our own treasures many of them. He planned the Transportation Building at the World's Fair, the beauty of which must dwell in the memory of all who saw it. Architecture in itself is a noble art. Mr. Sullivan, being one of its masters, may be taken as standing forth to all the world as one of the greatest artists Chicago has produced.

Let me take occasion here to speak of John Wellborn Root whose creative genius as an architect has been universally conceded. He and his partner Daniel H. Burnham (who is mentioned elsewhere) were appointed architects in chief of the World's Columbian Exposition. Mr. Root had wondrous visions which, no doubt, would have reached full fruition had he lived. Chicago has always fully realized the great loss it sustained in Mr. Root's untimely death in 1891, two years before the opening of the exposition.

Mr. Peck has done much more than create the Auditorium group. He was one of the founders and later the president of the Illinois Society, and has been vice president of the Board of Education and president of the Union League Club. He was one of the commissioners sent by our government to Paris in behalf of and preceding the World's Columbian Exposition, and in 1900 was appointed by President McKinley to be United States Commissioner at the Paris Exposition of that year. As a matter of local history I am reminded that the national

convention which nominated President Harrison was held in the Auditorium Theatre in 1888, a year or two before the building was finished. It had to be temporarily fitted up for that purpose. It was the only hall in town big enough to hold such a gathering, and it served its purpose admirably.

The dedication occurred December ninth, 1889, and was celebrated on the scale of a national event. President Harrison and Vice President Morton, governors of several states, and Canadian officials, as well as many men and women of distinction from all over the country, were in attendance. Harriet Monroe wrote a Festival Ode, which was set to music by Frederick Grant Gleason, one of our most scholarly musicians and most accomplished men we ever had among us. The music was in the form of a symphonic cantata and was sung by the Apollo Club, supported by a large orchestra. The Apollo Club gave several other numbers. The climax of the program was furnished by Mme. Patti, who sang "Home, Sweet Home," and for an encore the "Swiss Echo Song" of which she was so fond.

For the opera season which followed the dedication Franklin H. Head auctioned off the boxes and cajoled George M. Pullman, Marshall Field, R. T. Crane and other men of civic pride into paying from seven hundred to sixteen hundred dollars as premiums for choice, George M. Pullman paying sixteen hundred for first choice and Walter L. Peck eight hundred for twelfth choice.

In that opening season I recall Patti, Albani, Signor Perugini, Signor Del Puente, and Signor Tamagno. Since then we have heard Emma Eames, Sembrich, Nordica, Gerster, the De Reszkes and of recent times Caruso, Muratore, Mary Garden and Galli Curci, who in less than one year has taken her place at the head of women singers of opera, Patti not excepted. As for Mary Garden, she stands in a class distinctly by herself, unap-

proached by any artist in individuality and the special tone work which is called for in the operas in which she appears. There is an aloofness about her that lifts her hearers above their surroundings into the realms of creative expression, which is as charming as it is wonderful. Those persons, and there are many of them, who measure every new work of art by tradition and are not satisfied unless they see and hear what they have always seen and heard, do not appreciate Miss Garden and never will be able to understand her, more's the pity. Personally I have never had such joy as she has given me, since the advent of Henry Irving, whose performance of Hamlet swept aside the traditions by which the stage had been burdened, giving us new readings and new stage business.

Chapter Seven

FOR two or three years before I came into the Fine Arts Building I used frequently to walk past the old Armory building (later replaced by the Illinois Theatre) which for some time stood vacant, and longed to take possession and convert it into a theatre for the production of the plays of Shakespeare in a modern and artistic manner. My idea must have been similar to Rheinhart's, the difference being that he not only dreamed about it, but made his dream an actuality. At that time my presentations of the plays of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Yeats and other dramatists had made a distinct impression and I imagined that some of my admirers would come forward and offer the money with which to provide an artistic playhouse. Time went on and the money did not come—and I did not ask for it. When I went into the Fine Arts Building I determined to abandon the giving of plays alto-

gether and confine my efforts to educational and cultural work, the development of the speaking voice, interpretative readings, and the study of literature. My reasons were that I was not properly equipped to give plays on an adequate scale, and the worry and bother of trying to give them without adequate means was discouraging. Another reason was, the constant presentation of plays gave the public the impression that I was conducting a preparatory school for the professional stage.

Of course I know now that my digression into drama was an error. It was prompted by a strong admiration of the glorious literature and picturesque vividity of English drama. To me it seemed that here lay the best of all material for educational uses. That prompting was sound; but its realization would have involved complete abandonment of the field I had so successfully made my own, and an occupation of other fields requiring managerial skill as well as a technical knowledge of stagecraft, neither of which I possessed in full. The ambition to present Shakespeare or the lesser masters with a company of amateurs carried within itself the elements of its own frustration. Besides, even the little I did toward realizing it created the impression that I was conducting a school of acting, which was not so, other than cultural instruction in the various parts of a play was evolved.

I found myself perplexed by outside comment upon the whole thing. Parents of my pupils became uneasy lest the pupils might be drawn to the stage as a career. Yet with the natural vanity of parenthood, if I were going to produce a play they would object first on that ground and then exhibit acrid disappointment if the principal part were not assigned to that particular pupil each set of parents owned. Then again, when parents asked their friends about me they got one of two answers: either that "Miss Morgan is the best kind of a teacher,

but she can't place her pupils on the regular stage," or else "Miss Morgan is one of the best dramatic coaches and can always find a professional opening for her pupils." In this situation, to use a current phrase, I got it both ways, going and coming, and I do not know which of these ways was worst for me. In retrospect I think that each seemed considerably worse than the other.

Anyway, I stopped in time and returned on my own track to the place whence I had started, taking back with me something I had discovered and through which I found an advantage. I added little plays to my course of instruction, and found the addition good. It was free from the friendly objections cited above; it was interesting and informative for my pupils, and pleasing to their parents and their friends. It in no wise disturbed other studies, but on the contrary gave them deeper and more permanent values. An account of these plays I have written in another place in this book.

Consequently, and in this place, I am going to take credit to myself for having originated and carried forward to this hour with unimpaired success the "Little Theatre" idea. There have been many Little Theatres here and elsewhere. Most of these have been meretricious, faddy, or feeble. Nearly all of them have professed a purpose to elevate the drama, and in the face of the plain fact that the drama has been consistently and steadily elevating itself, have been plausible enough to extract considerable sums of money from perfectly well-intentioned people who were entirely unaware of that fact. Practically all the little plays produced in these little theatres might be described as half baked, lacking even that little leaven which (on apostolic authority) can leaven a whole lump.

I can and should except two instances, the work done by Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Browne at the Chicago Little Theatre in the Fine Arts Building for several seasons,

and the work carried out by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Aldis in the artistic little theatre on the Aldis estate at Lake Forest. Concerning this latter I cannot do better than quote Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, who wrote in The Chicago Tribune that "Mrs. Arthur Aldis of Lake Forest has long been an interesting figure in amateur dramatic and literary circles. With leisure, force and originality, and free from all the compulsions that poverty entails, she was, from the first, in the happy position of being able to choose her vocations and amusements. She could, if she liked, coax life along pleasantly by playing golf, going to teas, giving dinners, and sitting in a box at the opera. These diversions proving, upon trial, not particularly satisfying, she paid respectful heed to certain stirrings of talent, commanded a little theatre in her garden, and in it gave piquant, grotesquely tragic, or capriciously farcical plays of the most modern type. Her actors were her friends; her small, critical audiences were also her friends. Or interchangeably, her friends were actors and audience. It was immensely interesting, and not infrequently the actors surprised themselves by the excellence of what they did. Ambitious, erratic young playwrights found here an opening for their abilities. Young ladies who had been doomed all their lives to being merely polite and innocuous, seized upon this chance to show that they understood poetry in its most exotic forms, and repeated Dawson in a moonlit garden to the sound of falling waters and the gentle applause of appreciative hands."

Aside from the point I make in regard to the origin of little theatres, there is one other: Less than ten years ago Irish plays came into favor and were much in demand for several seasons, but I have not heard of any performance of an Irish play preceding my production of Synge's "The Shadow of the Glen."

All these Irish plays have mystic lure. A strange

charm, as strange as those elusive qualities in the complex of Irish character which gave to that people a power to sense the elemental; the unseen; the witchery of desolate moors coursed by silent shadowy hounds, of moonlight on flowing waters, of the little people, of the ancient ghosts that hover in the hills, and the ancient blood that stirs in the heart at a dance in the moonlit road, or the song of a wandering poet. They have a spiritual tinge. They touch the lighter joys of life, its deepest shadows, its pleasures, its moaning, its shuddering tragedy. No one of these plays sounds the whole gamut, but when you group them all you see beyond the outer form the heart and soul of a race essentially poetic, quick to feel, quick to act, a race in which feeling dominates logic. A lovable race, the Irish—with a perfect genius for the irrational.

I do not recall any other series of performances that attracted me more or at one and the same time raised so many questions in my mind than the Irish series given under direction of Lady Gregory during the two seasons she passed in this country for that purpose. The short play commends itself by being short and compact, but makes poor material for an evening's entertainment, particularly upon repetition. I think this is one reason why the Irish vogue died away. The first impression nearly always was a deep one; the second and subsequent performances served rather to flatten out that effect. To stand repetition, a play must give more than one side of human nature. There is such a thing as happy tears, but I doubt very much whether anyone would care to be crying all the time.

Chapter Eight

IN 1890 I had a singular experience with Mrs. Fiske. She was playing an engagement at the Grand Opera House and was invited by the Woman's Club, whose rooms at that time were on the northeast corner of Wabash avenue and Washington street, to speak on the subject of the Theatre Trust, to which she and her husband were much opposed. The committee of arrangements for the occasion invited me to call for her and bring her to the club. I ordered a carriage and drove to the Congress Hotel, where she was stopping. She was awaiting my arrival, and promptly was seated in the carriage. Knowing that she was naturally somewhat nervous over making her speech, I decided not to talk to her on irrelevant matters, and not a word passed between us until I handed her over to the committee.

After the speech was over an intimate friend in my presence told her something of me and of my work along her line in Chicago. When we reëntered the carriage to return to the hotel I thought "now that her anxiety is over and she knows something of me and my work, she will probably talk." I waited for her to take the initiative. Not a word did she utter until just as we were at our destination she threw up her hands exclaiming, "Oh, I wonder if I've said the right thing!" I told her she had spoken from conviction, and not to worry.

We alighted from the carriage—I presented her with a large bouquet of violets which I carried, bade her good afternoon, and went my way.

When she visited Chicago a year later I received a summons to visit her at the hotel. She received me cor-

dially, as though we had met frequently. We discussed several books on occult matters in which she seemed deeply interested, and I took my departure. No reference was made to our former meeting. No reason assigned for desiring this interview. I have not met her since.

Among the plays given during 1899 was "The Twilight of the Gods," by Edith Wharton, with Anne Walker, Andrew Sheriff and Robert H. Melloy in the cast. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, who attended the play, declared it to be the best amateur performance he had ever attended, and asked if I would not repeat it in order that others might have the pleasure of seeing it.

In 1900 I presented "Gringoire," a translation from the French, which introduced for the first time Mr. Taylor Holmes, since famous as "His Majesty Bunker Bean." Later in that year I gave memorable recitals of Bernard Shaw's "Candida" in which Mr. Holmes distinguished himself by creating the character of Marchbanks. Mr. William Archer, well known as the translator of Ibsen, happened to be in Chicago at the time and witnessed a performance. He pronounced the entire cast of the play excellent, and wrote Mr. Shaw it was the best performance of a play he had seen in America. As a result I received a letter from Mr. Shaw, forwarded from America to me at Carlsbad, whither I had gone for my summer vacation, in which he cordially invited me if I were coming to England to visit Mrs. Shaw and himself at their country home at Hazelmere, a two hours' ride from London. Of course I went, and went prepared for the worst; for I did not know what to expect from the greatest satirist of his age. In fact I was warned before leaving London that I would probably be made to feel mighty uncomfortable, that I, a woman and a Chicago woman at that, should presume or dare to produce his plays. I was not entirely reassured by the cordial greeting of both Mr. and Mrs. Shaw upon my arrival at

their home about ten o'clock one hot July morning. We were at once comfortably seated, and in less than ten minutes I felt I was in the presence of a friend and a friend of long standing.

We chatted about matters dramatic in America. He referred to Mr. Archer's enthusiastic account of the performance of "Candida," and said that while he would not on any account go to hear the play given by professionals, he would journey a long way to hear my performance. He was delighted to see a picture of Taylor Holmes as Marchbanks, which I presented to him. At that time he had just finished writing "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" and read me portions of it. He had submitted it to Irving and Miss Terry, and while we were at luncheon the postman brought a letter from Miss Terry, declining the play as there was no suitable part for Irving. After Irving's death Miss Terry produced the play in America. Mr. Shaw had seen my pupil James Carew playing with Maxine Elliott and recommended that he play Captain Brassbound, which he did, with the result that during their American tour in the play they fell in love and were married.

To return to Shaw and my visit to him: He told me at its conclusion that I could do any of his plays and he would be interested in hearing the result of my efforts. When I wrote him in 1902 that I was presenting "Cæsar and Cleopatra" with a cast of girls which included Miss Edith Moss as Julius Cæsar, and Miss Florence Bradley as Cleopatra, I received the following letter:

10 Adelphi Terrace W. C.

My Dear Miss Morgan:—Great Heavens! Is my Julius Cæsar going to be created at last by a Chicago young lady! Oh Anna, Anna, how can I show my face in Chicago after this?

Yours Stupended,

G. Bernard Shaw.

Bernard Shaw reading to Anna Morgan, from the manuscript of Captain Brassbound's Conversion.

NEW YORK
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The play had been written for Mansfield and had been declined by him. It was afterwards played professionally by Sir Forbes Robertson, with Gertrude Elliott as Cleopatra.

Richard Mansfield happened to be playing at the Chicago Opera House while I was working on the play. I invited him to attend a rehearsal, which he did. The next day to my astonishment he sent me the following letter:

> The Virginia, Chicago.
>
> My Dear Miss Morgan:—I neglected to congratulate you upon the excellent acting of your pupils yesterday; I really was quite astonished, and I am sure their remarkable proficiency is due entirely to your admirable method of teaching. Pray accept this sincere word of praise now, with the best wishes of your very faithful servant,
>
> RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Miss Jeannette Gilder, editor of the New York Critic, in writing of my work said, "It is safe to say that no other school has called forth more universal expressions of approval from thoughtful persons in public life whose opinions are worthy of note. . . . Miss Morgan's young people have presented Rostand's "The Romancers" and Maeterlinck's "The Intruder." They have boldly plumbed the depths of Ibsen; they have played Stephen Phillips' poetical drama; they have tried Henry Fuller's parodies, and spoken Edith Wharton's subtle, finished dialogue. The astonishing thing is that they have done all of these things well. The performances are looked forward to as a unique feature of the Chicago season—to an extent they take the place of a Theatre Libre.

"Mr. G. Bernard Shaw's 'Caesar and Cleopatra' has been given its first appearance in Chicago before select

audiences, largely composed of the literary and artistic people of the town. It is not the first time Miss Morgan's pupils have played in a Shaw piece. A year or two ago, when Mr. William Archer was travelling through the country to study American matters dramatic, they gave a remarkable interpretation of 'Candida.' Mr. Archer's report of it was sufficient to make Mr. Shaw grant special permission to put on 'Caesar and Cleopatra.'"

In 1903 I said to Miss Florence Bradley, who had created the role of Cleopatra, "What would you like to rehearse?" "Hamlet," she replied, without a moment's hesitation. As I had been very much given to rehearsing Hamlet for a number of years, I replied "All right, I'll put it in rehearsal."

The play was given at Powers' Theatre on May 11th, 1903, the cast for the first time in the history of the play being composed entirely of women, Miss Bradley playing the title role. The play was given in costume, without scenery or properties, with a simple background of green curtains, and owing to the extreme length of the play closed with Hamlet's speech at the end of the grave digger's scene: "Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away; O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!" To which I added these lines, which occur later in the play: "If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be."

There was a large audience, composed of a discriminating public and many members of the dramatic profession then playing in Chicago, among them Miss Julia Marlowe, who was then filling an engagement and by whose courtesy we had the use of the theater. On

the whole I consider it the supreme effort of my career as a dramatic instructor. At the invitation of Miss Jane Addams the play was repeated at Hull House.

Chapter Nine

ALONG about 1904 I began to hear a great deal about Miss Marjorie Benton Cooke, then recently graduated from the University of Chicago, and one night she was pointed out to me at the theatre, a very individual looking young woman with black eyes and Titian hair. It happened that she came to see me a few days later. I recall her vividly as seated on the window bench she disclosed her literary ambition to me, and asked what she should do. It was at the time when the monologue form of writing was beginning to develop, and for which there was a great demand. She listened to what I had to say with the poise which has always been one of her marked characteristics, and took her departure, returning in a few days with her first monologue, "Cupid Plays Coach." The occasion was the day of a woman's golf tournament, the scene the veranda of a club house, on which the members and their friends listen to the successful competitor. The monologue ended with a love scene and altogether was effective. This first effort was followed in swift succession by many others, which resulted in the publication of two volumes entitled "Modern Monologues" and "More Modern Monologues," and "Dramatic Episodes," many of which were given on the stage of my studios, conspicuous among them being one in which Miss Cooke played the part of Nell Gwynne, William Raymond (a prominent Chicago youth then studying with me who has since flourished on the professional

stage) playing the part of King Charles II. After winning considerable reputation in Chicago, Miss Cooke went to New York, where she has continued as a writer and has won distinction, especially in two of her novels, "Bambi" and "Cinderella Jane."

Alice Gerstenberg, another member of my professional classes, a little later began her career as an author while in the studios by writing a one-act play, "Captain Joe," the title part being especially designed for Miss Josephine Lydston, a fellow student. Miss Gerstenberg has since written other things, a one-act play called "Overtones," which has been produced with success professionally. She also adapted "Alice In Wonderland" for the professional stage.

Once while playing an engagement here during the early nineteen hundreds, Maxine Elliott came to the Studios and one of our classes rehearsed "A Midsummer Night's Dream" for her entertainment. Bottom, who was being represented by a girl, had not been on the stage five minutes before Miss Elliott exclaimed, "that girl, why, do you know, she's a wonder. She is possessed of talent for real comedy. Don't you see she's funny whether she speaks or not? I must let Mr. Dillingham (her manager) know of her at once. She has a talent rare upon the stage."

The girl in question was Alice Gargeer, a Bohemian by birth, who had taken an opportunity to come to this country in the capacity of a nurse. One of our wealthy women, discovering her talent and desire for a dramatic career, brought her to my Studios for a course of study. In appearance she looked much as I imagine the distinguished Mme. Janauschek must have looked at twenty years of age. During that summer Miss Gargeer accepted a position in a company in order to gain a better knowledge of English, and to get stage experience. One morning in August I picked up The Tribune, where, on

the first page was the announcement of her tragic death. She had been thrown from a motor car and instantly killed. Two weeks later a telegram came to me one morning,

"Send Miss Gargeer to me at once for rehearsals, DILLINGHAM."

By her death our American stage was robbed of one who in all probability would have become a great comedienne.

While we were at work on "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Paul Lawrence Dunbar came to a rehearsal. I found he was a charming man as well as a delightful poet. He was well versed in Shakespeare, and made many valuable suggestions. I was at that time compiling a volume of "Selected Readings" and he graciously gave me permission to include several of his poems in my collection; and later himself chose the ones which were published in that volume. He was not only the greatest poet among his own people, but was among America's sweetest poets. Like Shelley, Keats, Ben King, Stephen Crane, and many other gifted writers, he died in his early thirties.

My "Selected Readings" was published that year by A. C. McClurg and Company, also a companion volume called "The Art of Speech and Deportment." In the spring of that year I wrote a Shakespearean fantasy, "The Great Experiment," in which I summoned the Shakespearean heroines to a tea party. The booklet was published by Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

Just before the opening of my classes that fall a woman perhaps sixty years of age, who had once been a leader in Chicago society, and had spent large sums yearly in entertaining her friends, came to me and confessed that she was entirely without means. Her husband had become involved in speculations of various

kinds, and had lost her fortune as well as his own before his death. She told me that she was unwilling to accept checks from her friends, and said she wished to take up reading as a profession in order to make her living. Beerbohm Tree had just produced "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in London with success, and a good deal was being said about it. As this woman was mistress not only of English but the various languages and dialects with which this play abounds, I started her off with readings from it, with charming results.

When the classes met a little later for their opening rehearsal, I decided to use this play for the beginning work, simply to familiarize the pupils with a Shakespeare play seldom read and little used in schools of expression. I had no thought it would prove anything more than of momentary interest. But at the first rehearsal Falstaff appeared in the person of a very pretty girl, Miss Leora Moore, who later on became one of my instructors. It was extraordinary; she would walk up stage, turn and come down facing the audience, and in some subtle way the characteristics of that unctuous old knight were instantly suggested so cleverly that even those in the room who were entirely unfamiliar with the character were convulsed with laughter. Strange as it seemed and incredible as it must appear to my readers, one after another of the varied characters developed in the play until the entire cast was secured; and strange as it is to relate the girls who created the male roles were more remarkable than those who characterized the Merry Wives. In Beerbohm Tree's production of the play the wives were played by Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal. I gave a recital of the play one evening in my Studios and invited the members of the Little Room to be my guests. I remember that Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler came to me upon her arrival and said, "I remarked to my husband as we came down on the train that Anna Morgan had given

a great many clever performances, but how on earth she expected to do anything with the Merry Wives, with a cast of girls dressed in tailored skirts and shirt waists, was beyond my comprehension." The play proved interesting and entertaining to her as well as to all who saw it, and its production remains one of the unique recitals given in my Studios.

I have dwelt at length upon the presentation of plays during my professional career as a teacher of dramatic art for the reason that they have been the avenues through which the culture obtained in the general classes was displayed, the "show work," so to speak, of the school.

One of the most educational and interesting of recent plays was the presentation of "The Contrast" in 1917. This play was the first comedy written by an American. Its original production was in New York in 1783.

It is quite impossible for me to go into further details regarding my production of innumerable plays during the past ten years, but I may say they included "The Hour Glass," by William Butler Yeats, and the Greek plays "Antigone" and the "Electra" of Euripides, in these and many plays given during the last five years I have been materially assisted by Miss Lillian Fitch, an honored member of my faculty.

I should like to recount if it were possible the many social affairs given in my Studios during the past nineteen years. Such an account would include a famous luncheon given on my stage to Sir Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliot in 1902, at which Mme. Modjeska and her husband, Count Bozenta, also were guests; and of the visits of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Maxine Elliott, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, and hosts of other men and women illustrious in the various fields of art.

In the year 1910, when there was unusual interest in the publication of dramatic plays, I gave a series of four

lenten readings which attracted large audiences. The course opened at the home of the Chatfield-Taylors, who at that time were occupying the residence of Hamilton McCormick at the corner of Ontario and Rush streets, where I read Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird." On February fourteenth I read "The Faith Healer," by William Vaughn Moody, at the Harold McCormick home on the Lake Shore Drive. The reading for February 21st was to have been given at the home of the James B. Wallers on Superior street, but was given at the Mark Willings on Rush street instead. The course ended with a reading of "What the Public Wants," by Arnold Bennett, at the Robert B. McGanns in Pearson street.

Chapter Ten

DURING the season of 1904 I instituted a series of book recitals in which ten or more students took part. The idea was to present the entire book, parts of it being related to connect the most striking scenes that were read. Early in the series Miss Clara E. Laughlin's story "Felicity" was presented, Miss Laughlin herself being present. The occasion was unusually interesting.

Miss Laughlin's gifts are various. She is recognized by magazine editors as one of the best judges of submitted scripts. Her judgment is sound and just, though kindly. She is a writer of excellent fiction, essays and description. Her perception of character makes her an unusually good biographer. She is blessed with humor. She has an unusually departmented mind, with all its departments immediately at command. Her style is lucid, and so simple no one need read any line of hers a

second time to know exactly what it means. Probably the truest story of Riley's career and output was the one she wrote shortly after he passed away. A warm friendship had grown up between them during Riley's declining years—a friendship based upon mutual understanding of the finer things of life, and a respect which each had for the genius or the talent of the other.

Just here I am reminded of an incident in connection with one of the many recitals of Mr. Riley's sketches I had given previous to the recital of "Felicity." A new pupil, a bashful, unsophisticated girl from some suburb, had come to me for instruction. I asked her to recite. To my surprise and joy she gave Riley's "The Happy Little Cripple" with singular vividity. I was particularly enthusiastic because I considered it one of Riley's masterpieces, and up to that time I had never found any one who could bring out its peculiar pathos. Of course I at once determined to put it on a program and so informed her. The following day she came to me accompanied by her mother, who told me she would not like her daughter to appear in "that little thing of Riley's," that she wanted her to do something big and dramatic. It took much reasoning on my part to convince them that "Truth is the strong thing," and not the size of a canvas nor the subject or length of a poem that counts.

One of the most interesting events in my Studios was a visit of Joseph Jefferson the year before his death in 1905. The capacity of the Studios is supposed to be about one hundred and twenty-five, but on this occasion I believe about five hundred crowded in, squeezing each other off their feet. Girls fought for places at his feet, and on the arms of his chair. Among them was Marjorie Cooke, who became one of his special admirations, and I did not know but he would carry her off with him. Mansfield did some time later and she rehearsed with

him, but decided that she would not give up her writing for a dramatic career.

I came to know a good many things about Mr. Jefferson that are not known to many people. He had as many facets as a rose diamond. He was an excellent painter in water colors, but not so good in oils, though he prided himself as a master in oil painting. He had pet peculiarities, referable to his self acquired education. He knew nothing of scholastic methods, but on the other hand he knew many things that are unknown to formal scholars. He made his success in life on one half of one lung. In his earlier years, before the public found him, his physical condition was such that his mind brooded intensely upon those questions of death and of what comes after that puzzled Job and have plagued the innumerable generations ever since. When it became clear that he was not going to die, the cloud lifted, and left him with a clear vision of spiritual things. He had passed middle life and fame had come to him and brought him ease before his attention was drawn to the phenomena upon which rests that which is known as spiritualism. He became an industrious investigator, and seemed through those investigations to have found out that spiritualism was not at all the thing it was thought to be by those who believed in it. Yet by his own acknowledgment it had shown him enough to satisfy him that death is only an incident in life; that individual existence is continuous; that as some one has put it,

"Were there no night, there'd be no day;
Were there no death, no life."

In other words, and by assiduous research continued up to his passing away, he proved for himself a line of philosophy very like that ancient body of philosophy and fact that appears in the Sanscrit writings, and constitutes today the heart of the thought and belief that prevails in Hindustan and the farther orient, under the much

misunderstood name of Buddhism. He partook of Hamlet's view that we are endowed with "capabilities and godlike reason, looking before and after." Once he said, "If you find it possible to imagine a stick having only one end, will you please tell me which end?" His notion of individual continuity seemed to include necessarily a past as well as a future existence, emerging from and disappearing in regions beyond our power to chart. It is anomalous that a man perfected as he was in the art so engrossing as the one in which he had towered to the highest, should have found the time or had the bent to study and to reason in domains so esoteric, so far removed, so little explored. I think the anomaly may be explained by his highly spiritualized nature, his clarity in perceiving spiritual possibilities, his passion for inquiring after truth and his utter lack of prejudice.

While I am on the subject I may as well say that Edwin Booth was strongly tinged with beliefs similar to those held by Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Booth was profoundly studious. I am aware this statement will be received with surprise, possibly with incredulity by most people. The answer is that only to his intimates did he show himself as he really was. My own acquaintance with him was limited, but it so happens that some of these intimates were in the circle of my friendship, and through them I have this picture of him "in his habit as he lived," not in the pose in which he stood behind the footlights and before the people.

Something along parallel lines may be said of Richard Mansfield as I knew him in his personal as well as his professional life. Like Mr. Booth he posed to the public. Also like Mr. Booth, he was a pure joy to his friends. I doubt if the American stage has known a greater melodramatic actor. His Baron Chevreal had a verisimilitude that was simply astonishing. In "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde" he employed adroitly several

tricks that were very shuddery, but purely theatric—using that term in its mechanical sense. When he attempted higher things, he made the judicious grieve. It was in his hours of relaxation that he really came out strong. He was a brilliant musician, with a fine voice, well trained. He had a streak of fun in him that was simply entrancing. He would play, he would sing, he would dance, he would tell stories that would waken the dead, they were so funny. There were no limits to his gifts. He was one of the most interesting talkers on more subjects than any one else I ever have known. And he had friends in every town, to whom he gave of all these gifts most lavishly. Some of those evenings at which I was present are among the brighest of my memories. He never came to my Studios but that he brought sunshine. All of us were fond of him; all of us mourned him,—none of us more sincerely than myself. He was supposed to be unapproachable—and so he was. To strangers his manner was forbidding, sometimes harsh, sometimes positively discourteous. It was when he chose to be the approacher that he disclosed the real Mansfield.

Mr. David Warfield's visits to my Studios were little events in themselves. He took an intelligent interest in the work that was being done there, and my pupils were always glad to see him.

On one occasion, after listening to several scenes and plays, he engaged one of my pupils to take a place suddenly vacated in his company. The young woman made good and remained with him several seasons. Mr. Warfield is one of the best exponents of the art of expression that ever graced the stage. His versatility in dialect has delighted thousands everywhere. For a long time I thought it was a gift, but I was only half right. The gift back of it was a peculiarly keen sense of melody. If he heard a dialect spoken, he would catch and repro-

duce it, exactly as people catch and sing a song. This is equivalent to saying he had a perfect melodic memory. It is easier for him to remember than to forget a song or a dialect. I think in this respect he has only one equal on the stage, and that is Nat Goodwin, who at one time in London played a Cockney part, and was both amused and amazed when the critics wanted to know where that Cockney had been all the years they had never heard of him, and how any Cockney ever broke into so good a company in a high class theatre. It took a lot of trouble to convince them that he was an American, distinguished in his own country and profession. Their somewhat indignant curiosity is easily understood when it is considered that no one save here and there an English actor has been able to speak as the Cockney speaks. The dialect comes near to being a separate language, and its inflections do not lend themselves to imitations, they are so queer. The Cockney tongue is spoken only in that part of London which is known as the Land of Cockaigne, an urban district bounded on the east by the Minories, on the south by the Thames, on the west by the old Temple Bar, and on the north by Holborn. About the middle of this district stands the church of St. Mary le Bow (locally known as Simmerylabo). In the tower of this church is a chime of most sweet bells. The Cockney language is not supposed to be spoken by any one who lives beyond the sound of Bow Bells.

Chapter Eleven

IT will always be a pleasant memory that Ben King came to my Studios in response to my invitation. The visit was a delightful one to my pupils and myself, and if evidences mean anything, he also enjoyed it. With this began an acquaintanceship that was all too suddenly terminated by his death within a year.

It was at Bowling Green, Kentucky, that his call came. He was doing platform work that season in conjunction with Opie Read, and for the first time in his life had found prosperity in a new field for which his talents eminently fitted him.

It is probable that out of the many poems he wrote the best remembered is "If I Should Die To-Night," a whimsical travesty on a serious poem bearing the same title. One verse of it floats to this day through the minds of many millions, most of whom never heard of the man himself. I mean

"If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die tonight,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
And say 'Here's that ten dollars that I owe,'
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say 'What's that?'

If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,

If I should die to-night,
And you should come to me and there and then
Just even hint 'bout paying me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again."

After the entertainment that night, the live boys of Bowling Green flocked with Opie and Ben to the hotel seeking more of the same stuff they had been listening to at the hall. Mr. Read very early excused himself and went to his room. Ben King was teased into about a half hour of fun and would have been up all night if he had done all they wanted of him. After some time they compromised and agreed to let him go if he would recite "If I Should Die To-night." He did, and went to bed —and died that night. A call for six o'clock had been left. When the bellboy reported to Mr. Read that Mr. King did not answer, he went himself and found Ben cold. It broke up the season's engagements and came very near breaking up Mr. Read himself. A very strong attachment had grown up between them through daily and nightly association in The Chicago Press Club. That rather unemotional group of disillusioned men was stunned when the news came.

The Press Club took charge of the obsequies and laid their friend away in a beautiful place near the city of St. Joseph, Michigan, which had been his home for some time. As Opie Read said at the time, "the people of the United States have at last found out there is a place in Michigan called St. Joe." Ben King's monument is a large and beautiful granite boulder bearing this chiseled inscription:

1857 — BEN KING — 1894

Opie Read is now the President of that same Press Club. I think he was the man who suggested the absorption of another club, probably the most amazing that

ever was formed in this or any other country—The Whitechapel Club. At any rate, he was a member of both organizations and the two had common origin among newspaper men and artists living in Chicago.

The Press Club was organized in 1879, and had grown into a large membership and a fairly substantial condition.

The Whitechapel Club was organized in 1888 and had grown into a glorious reputation and a condition of perfect penury. The elder took compassion upon the younger, enfolded it and paid its debts, so that as an entity it ceased, but as a nursery or preparatory school of genius it will be remembered for a long, long time. The membership included Brand Whitlock, afterward Mayor of Toledo, and still later United States Minister to Belgium, whose story of the invasion and desolation of that sweet country is one of the most earnest and profoundly touching records thus far made of any episode in the great war. George Ade; Wallace Rice; W. W. Denslow, the artist who died but recently at Buffalo; Finley Peter Dunn, the philosophy of whose Mr. Dooley has held the attention and delighted the hearts of all the English speaking peoples these many years; Charlie Holloway, now admittedly the foremost mural painter in the United States; Alfred Henry Lewis, who afterward wrote the only stories of western life (particularly of the cattle era) that had absolute validity; Alfred's brother, William E. Lewis, now editor and proprietor of the New York Morning Telegraph, a great and aggressive newspaper; Herbert A. Hallet, now the advertising manager of the New York Morning Telegraph; Tom E. Powers and Horace Taylor, cartoonists, both of them working now in New York and syndicated throughout the land; Hon. Wm. E. Mason, afterwards United States Senator and then Congressman at large from Illinois; Dr. G. Frank Lydston, whose work both

professional and literary is as well known in Europe as at home; Hermann the Great (wizard); Dr. Frank W. Reilly, later managing editor of The Chicago Daily News, and his son Leigh Reilly, managing editor of the Chicago Herald up to the time The Herald was absorbed by The Examiner. He has recently become the most important man in the news field in the United States having been called to Washington where he was made United States News Bureau head; John C. Eastman editor and proprietor of The Chicago Evening Journal; Opie Read, Ben King, and a few others who achieved fame and success locally, but who probably were not so well known outside of Chicago.

The Whitechapel Club spent the larger part of its interesting life in one room opening on the alley back of The Daily News office. It had no janitor, no key. The center table was a gigantic coffin. The wall decorations were relics of murder and other sports. These were such things as pieces of rope with which ladies or gentlemen had been hanged; knives, pistols, and a fine line of assorted tools having lethal purposes. The club had a collection of skulls that had been made by Doctor Spray, a widely known alienist, who for several years had charge of the Elgin Asylum for the Insane. Chaplain Thompson, imbued with the spirit of his flock, had the crowns sawed off these skulls and the eyeholes enlarged, then with the assistance of Charlie Holloway he mounted in each of the eyeholes a prism of colored glass—red glass, green glass, blue, and so on. Being thus provided with a ventilating hole on top, and eye pieces, they were mounted on the gas jets. After dark the only light in the place was chromatic if not exhilarating—it was a wonderful stained-glass effect. The irreverend chaplain was given much credit for this artistic triumph.

The principal and most delicately-cherished mortuary

relic in the whole place was an especially distinguished skull that usually occupied the center of the stage—that is, the middle of the coffin lid. Previous to her abrupt departure from a too respectable world, it had been part of a lady who was best known to the police of our fair city as Waterford Jack, the Queen of the Sands. Her Majesty's domain had included an area bounded by the lake, Chicago avenue, State street, and an indefinite line to the north running somewhere through what is now known as the Astor street neighborhood. It had Sir Walter Scott's Alsatia faded to the pallor of Puritanism. It was invaded and searched every time a burglary or murder turned up in the social annals, no matter where committed, but after each invasion it closed up as water does when you poke your finger in and take it out again. When Long John Wentworth became mayor he lost such scanty patience as he had, called out the fire department, and with the lake for a reservoir wiped the whole kingdom out in one desolating flood. The subsequent history of Her Majesty is unknown; but her skull was fully authenticated before it was given the honor of central interest I have just described.

A good many artists of international reputation from time to time contributed wonderful drawings commemorating occurrences in the Whitechapel Club, and having in general a tendency to celebrate or to cynically disclose the toxic virtues of alcohol, most of the sketches having been made at hours anywhere between three A. M. and twelve noon, when those present were in a state to enlist the lively interest of the Keeley Institute.

Somehow in the transfer of membership to the Press Club these pictures, some of them priceless and bearing great signatures, disappeared. So did the visitors' book, which abounded in autographs worth all kinds of money.

The Whitechapel Club had no regular meetings. It had regular officers, one of whom was a treasurer of

whom no bond was required because the treasury in his keeping was minus of even the character usually and sardonically described as red ink. The doings invariably were indecorous. It is a pity no record of them was kept, though if one had been, a good deal of it never would have passed the censor, because it was too funny, too brainy, and too squarely in opposition to all things dogmatic or conventional.

I will venture to record one episode because it mirrors the name of a man whose memory will outlast the memory of most other Chicago men by reason of his having shown distinct talent, sometimes approaching genius, as a writer of fiction. Two guesses? Yes, you got it the first time—Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor. Mr. Taylor was a member of the Whitechapel and was not by the others worshipped from afar. The treasurer was no less a man than Frederick Upham Adams, since distinguished as a novelist, but then commonly known to his friends as Grizzly Adams. The Club was in arrears in the matter of rent, to say nothing of liabilities to some of the principal liquor houses. The treasury was about eight hundred worse off than nothing. On the monetary side of its character the Club was somewhat callous, but the creditors were eager, sometimes insolent, and something had to be done. A municipal election was about to come off. The popular but unrespected chaplain of the Club, the very irreverend Tombstone Thompson (real name Tomo) had an inspiration. He proposed that the Club become a political body, declare a platform, nominate candidates for city offices on a ticket of its own, and extract from outsiders the largest possible campaign fund. This carried. The platform was "No gas, no water, no police," a sturdy statement of manly independence. Grizzly Adams and Tombstone Thompson were appointed a nominating committee. As by one impulse these two great minds pounced upon

Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor for the mayoralty, and forthwith they proceeded to call upon that estimable gentleman and ask that he permit the use of his name in that lofty connection, or, if he objected to the use of it in full, that he permit the use of any part of it. Mr. Taylor in a burst of unexampled generosity told them they might use the whole of it and go as far as they liked. They did. They nominated an entire ticket with his shining name at the head, and having the inside of the newspaper offices, got as much publicity as the regular tickets.

The ground being thus prepared, the entire membership resolved itself into a finance committee (they called it "touching" committee) and went after the public without mercy.

The ticket polled nearly one thousand jocular votes, and the touching committee raised nearly nine hundred dollars cash. Thus and by these means the creditors, to their amazement, were paid in full, new credit was established, and the life of the Club prolonged.

Chatfield-Taylor was not elected Mayor on this ticket, but did continue his work as a writer, producing among other works "The Crimson Wing," probably his best novel, and biographies of Moliére and Goldoni, for which he was decorated by France and Italy. His latest contribution to literature is a handsome volume illustrated by Lester G. Hornby, called "Chicago."

The Whitechapel was distinctively and exclusively a man's club. If any woman ever entered its door or doors I do not know, nor have I ever heard of her. In order that a woman might know a good deal about the institution it would be necessary merely that she have some of the Club members on the list of her acquaintances. That was my case. But I dare say most of the things that happened would fall inclusively in that realm of wonders

vaguely hinted by the lady in Tennyson's "Princess" in the impersonal query,

> "What kind of tales do men tell men
> When they are by themselves?"

In answer I will quote "Bunthorne," the dear old thing, in his sage conclusion concerning certain meanings in the decrees of Nature: "I cannot tell." Of course not.

The Whitechapel Club was so closely interrelated with the Press Club that a large membership was common to both; and while the Whitechapel could show a creditable list of men who have since become famous, the Press Club shows a larger.

The Press Club itself originated in an earlier organization called the Owl Club, which had been formed in 1876 by James H. McVicker, Will Eaton, and Will E. Chapman. Its membership at first was restricted to newspaper men, actors, musicians and painters, but within three years the qualifications for membership were broken down, and pretty much all the men in La-Salle Street and the Board of Trade came in so that the original members, feeling themselves at a monetary disadvantage, broke away and started afresh under the distinctive Press Club name in November, 1879.

The Press Club was a success from the beginning, the members profiting by their recent experience as Owls. As a professional club, it ranks to-day with its famous prototype, the Savage Club of London, and outranks all other organizations of the same nature on this side of the Atlantic.

In its earlier years, while it was cabined and confined to a limited space on the top floor of a building at the corner of Madison and Clark streets, it practiced a generous although a homely hospitality. It was in the way of honoring distinguished writers, actors, singers, and other artists whose occasions brought them to Chicago.

So many of my own friends were members of the Club that I used to go frequently, and these visits brought me into contact with many people who otherwise would have been strangers and who were interested in the same things that interested me. Friendships formed then continue now—save those few that were terminated by death. Of some of these old friends I would like to say a few things that will be new to my readers.

The first name that occurs to me is that of William D. Eaton (handsome Will Eaton as he was always called). At the time I met him he was one of the then famous Chicago dramatic critics. Will was on the Times, the others were Teddy McPhelim on the Tribune and Elwyn A. Barron on the Inter Ocean. To me and many others at that time these men seemed more important than the Czar of all the Russias. While critic of the Times Will wrote "All the Rage," the first farce to fill an entire evening and which had a run of six years. Shortly after this in, (I think) 1881, Will left the Times and founded the Chicago Herald, making that paper a big success in eight months. In addition to his pronounced success as a newspaper man he has many times proven himself a born promoter in the more lucrative field of commercial exploitation, his energetic endeavors taking him to England, where he passed several successful years, becoming a member of the celebrated Savage Club of London. Walter Hurt in a recent biographical sketch of Mr. Eaton said, "To more than touch a few of the high places in the remarkable life-road travelled by William D. Eaton would necessitate writing a book. In Mr. Eaton character and personality affinitively combine to an admirable and a satisfying harmony. Mentally and temperamentally endowed with those special qualities that make for a fine fellowship, with a mind both informed and informative, he is the most charming of companions, delightful in discourse and sympa-

thetically receptive. He is a public speaker of fluency and grace, and a writer of admirably varied accomplishments, surpassingly gifted with the power of satire. Speaking of him to me, Edmund Vance Cook, the poet, once said, "He is the most interesting talker I ever met." Congenitally and by culture he is essentially a gentleman. Courtly, dignified, genial, one instinctively associates him with the stately halls and spacious gardens of an old manor house of England, rather than with the roughneck atmosphere of a husky young American metropolis, where humanity, still in the stage of commercial hoodlumism, retains all its raw edges."

It would be assuming a task too large and possibly too out of proportion in comparison with others to give to John McGovern all that might be deservedly given him. He was a peculiar influence in the life of Chicago and in some degree of the country for almost forty years; and his posthumous influence may prove larger than that of his own life time. I can do no better than repeat here the memorial resolution of the Press club passed when he died late in nineteen hundred and seventeen. It says: "For almost forty years, since the earliest days of this Club John McGovern had been so much of it, and the Club so much to him, that his passing created a strange and sudden blank. The term of his membership included various changes not only in the Club's condition, but in its roster; so that men came and went, and were forgotten, and others who knew nothing of its beginnings took their places; and these mutations were continuous. Yet through all of them he remained, a figure so conspicuous that a sense of permanence attached to him in the memory of every man who at any time had been one of us.

"And this was referable to his personality not only, though that of itself was peculiarly compelling, but to the remarkable bent of his genius, the depth of his

humor, the greater depth of his scholarship, his stark democracy in all things, his inflexible honesty, the sincerity of his friendships. No other man among us held higher ideals; none was more perfect in the artistry of words, none had clearer perceptions of poetic beauty, none ever expressed perceptions of that kind in more perfect poetic forms. In literature he was a craftsman greater than most men knew. Later time may give him higher praise and truer estimate than came to him here.

"His biography and the record of his work will appear in other documents. This one is a heart-felt tribute by brothers to a brother who is gone, whose going smote our elder ones with the pang of a great loss, a pang that will not soon abate. His own philosophy of life and death would have forbidden our mourning him. He would have us take counsel with that Maeterlinck he so admired, and reflect that it is foolish to complain where there is so little distance between one who is dead and those who mourn him—considering that all mankind, destined to one and the same end, is divided only by little intervals, even when they appear very great. Since we must all travel the same road, is it not unworthy of a wise man to weep for one who has set out earlier than ourselves? He who is born into the world must also leave it. His stay may be longer, but the end is always alike. If you consider the ills of life, it is long even for a child; if you regard the duration, it is short even for an old man. If you have lost a friend, you ought to bring yourself to this frame of mind: that you are more pleased at having had him, than grieved that you have him no longer.

"And even so, we think of John."

Next stands the stately figure of Stanley Waterloo, a great man, whose true value is not yet really understood. He wrote many books, some of which were evanescent because their writing was crammed into the intervals

of newspaper work—for a working newspaper man he remained down to the time of his sudden demise in 1913. But one of them, "The Story of Ab," is in my opinion and in the opinion of many others whom I believe to be competent, the only serious book written by a Chicago author that will live and go on living. It is a story of the stone age, the era of the cave man. As a story merely, it is intensely interesting; but it is also a scientifically accurate account of human life as it was and was carried on past the turning point where man discovered the possibility of opposing the thumb of either hand to the finger tips, and so found out the way to make and use a tool. The first of these tools was a weapon, a stone bludgeon. This was followed by an axe of stone. Other implements, some of them for war, some for domestic use, followed in due course. I am not writing either an account or a criticism of the book, but I think it worth while to say it was and is scientifically sound in its paleolithics and its paleontology.

Stanley told me that he put twelve years of patient research into the subject before he wrote a line. Its scientific accuracy is evidenced by its use in the supplementary reading courses in the public schools of about a dozen states, and of its similar or related uses abroad. It has had several reissues in England and has been translated into all the languages of continental Europe. It is recognized that Stanley knew more about the cave man and knew all of it with more certainty than any of the scholars who had specialized in the same line. As an instance: While he was trying to clear up to his own satisfaction the question whether the sabre-toothed tiger antedated the stone age or coexisted with the cave man, he called on the Curator of the Museum in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington and asked the privilege of examining the skull of a sabre-toothed tiger that had recently been acquired. When he explained to the Cura-

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tor the reason why he wanted to see the skull, the curator smiled and assured him he need go no farther, because it was established that the tiger had disappeared before the beginning of the stone age. Stanley was not inclined to dispute the point; he simply said he would like to see the skull anyway. The curator personally conducted him to the place of exhibit, and there, to the profound surprise of the curator, they found embedded in the skull the blade of a stone axe—the axe that had killed the tiger.

On that day there occurred a chronological introversion of history in the case of tigers and men. Instead of being merely an extinct creature the sabre-toothed tiger was promoted to association with the human race, which promotion undoubtedly accelerated real extinction at a date considerably postponed.

Stanley's last book appeared very shortly after his death. The closing chapters had been left in skeleton, but were rounded out and finished by his intimate friend and Press Club fellow member, Harry Irving Greene, with whom he had been in consultation over it and who knew Stanley's style so well that he was enabled to preserve complete continuity in Stanley's own vein down to the end. Stanley may be said to have set a style among fiction writers whose plots include things scientific or accredited facts in history. This last book of his bears the title "A Son of the Ages." An episode essential to the thread of the narrative necessitated a description of Noah's flood. In his own way and in a direction, the possibilities of which never had suggested themselves to the Biblical archaeologists, he established the fact of that flood in the region and approximately at the time dealt with in the book of Genesis. Geological research and studies of ancient land and water distribution disclosed a seismic disturbance then and thereabout, in which there was a deep depression of a large land area con-

tiguous to a sea of which the present Mediterranean is a vestigial remainder. All living things in that area were drowned, and the assumption of unusual meteorological phenomena may be granted, or at least needs no argument. He established, further, a subsequent upheaval of the area submerged, by which the waters were thrown back and a higher land surface established. This perfectly unconcerned way of accounting for a long disputed event rather overtopped the performance of Professor Heilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania who went to the site of the pre-Assyrian city of Nipur, there to dig for records that would confirm the Bible story. Professor Heilprecht found records that might be construed as offering such a confirmation, which was not at all surprising, because there are records or fairly uniform traditions of similar floods all over the world; but being on the job and being fired with professional zeal, he went on digging until he had uncovered the ruins of other buried cities under Nipur, of an easily determined age of twelve thousand years, and showing a development that could not have been reached in a term less than twelve thousand preceding years. By this double discovery Professor Heilprecht at one stroke confirmed the flood and destroyed the Mosaic chronology. The University of Pennsylvania published all this in full as conclusive proof of Bible truth, somehow overlooking the effect upon that same truth of what their Professor had done to the other Bible truths, as affecting the Mosaic chronology. Stanley Waterloo had rather the best of the University, but Stanley was not a Presbyterian and Professor Heilprecht was.

Whenever I think of Stanley there appears beside him the figure of Opie Read. For a large part of their lives these two were inseparable. Stanley wrote maybe a dozen books. Opie has written I don't know how many. He came to public notice first while he was on the Little

Rock Gazette, and rose to national reputation as editor of the Arkansaw Traveller. Since then he has been on the New York World, the Cleveland Leader, and several Chicago newspapers. Of late he has been doing Chautauqua work, being at the same time under contract for special stories with The Chicago Evening Journal. His first big selling books embodied his knowledge of Arkansas and Arkansas characters. His stories are purely human, sometimes dramatic, sometimes episodic, but always interesting. One of his books, "The Jucklins," published about thirty years ago, has up to this time had a sale of around two million copies. He has been translated into all the languages of continental Europe excepting the Russian, but including the Scandinavian. The Scandinavian translation was made by a man who knew English on the Scandinavian plan. It was a pretty good translation even at that, but the translator succeeded in correcting an error in the author's name. Now, Opie's name is Opie; but the translator could find no such word in his valuable handbook, nor his English dictionary, therefore to him it was clear that the English printer had blundered. He knew there was such a word as Open. Evidently that was the right name. So on the title page the author's name appears as Open Read.

As an individual Mr. Read enjoys and deserves wide popularity. A formal dinner was spread in his honor in the Press Club, May 2, 1902. Wallace Bruce Amsbury, whose book, "Ballads of the Bourbonnais" celebrates the habitant population of the Kankakee region, much as Doctor Drummond's celebrated the habitant of Quebec, came forward at that dinner with the toast which faithfully though humorously describes the man. I could not do better than quote it here:

Dis language Anglaise dat dey spe'k,
On State of Illinois,

Is hard for Frenchmen heem to learn,
It give me moch annoy.
Las' w'ek ma frien', McGover*ane*
He com' to me an' say,
You mak' a toas' on Opie Read
W'en dey geeve gran' banquay.

I mak' a toas'? Not on your life,
Dat' man's wan frien' of me;
W'at for I warm heem op lak' toas'—
De reason I can't see.
An' den John laugh on hees eye
W'en he is to me say:
"To mak' a toas' is not a roas'
It's just de odder way."

Dat's how I learn dat toas' an roas'
Is call by different name,
Dough bot' are warm in dere own way,
Dere far from mean de same.
An' so my frien', in lof' I clasp
Your gread beeg brawny han',
An' share vit you in fellowship
An' pay you on deman'.

You're built opon a ver' large plan,
Overe seex feet you rise;
You need it all to shelter in
Your heart dat's double size.
You are too broad for narrow t'ings,
Too gr'ad for any creed;
I'll eat de roas' but drink de toas'
To my friend, Opie Read.

It may be insidious to say with too much assurance that Waterford Jack was the first lady before Cynthea

Leonard to impress her personality, her principles and her methods upon the public life of this city, but between Jack and the dawn of Cynthea were many years unmarked by feminine influence upon public affairs.

Mrs. Leonard swooped down and fluttered the dovecotes of our Corioli before the embers of the great fire had ceased to smoulder. While it cannot be denied that all of her ideas were fantastic, it must be admitted that she strove for their realization with untiring activity. Mrs. Leonard was out for woman suffrage with both hands and the whole of her volubility, which was reverberant and unceasing. As a new phenomenon she excited the interest and exalted the joy of living of the newspaper men, who gave her a noble liberality of newspaper space. The term of her prominence was comparatively brief. That sort of thing never does last very long. Her one contribution to the world at large was her daughter Lillian, whom we know as Lillian Russell.

During the declension of her mother Lillian emerged, a girl of sixteen or thereabout, at first a tiny star in theatrical skies, and mounted swiftly in augmented lustre to that place in the zenith which she still holds. Tony Pastor discovered her and gave her a first appearance at his theatre in Fourteenth street, New York. She was and is a singer well worth hearing, but she was withheld from becoming an actress by a singular limitation. Her beauty and a certain subtle emanation that could not be resisted any more than it could be defined, put her across the footlights into great and enduring popularity; but an inborn reserve somewhat like the restraint of a great lady stood between her and any adequate expression of theatric art.

Another interregnum: and who is this we see? Tall, square shouldered, well set up, vivacious, black eyed, and as Franc Wilkie described her, purple haired; distinguished by an ability to write things that never were dis-

creet, and sometimes were astonishing. What was it Charlotte Perkins advocated? I have forgotten. But she held the stage, down center, during the latter half of the eighteen eighties. Then for a time she was obscured, to emerge again somewhat subdued, rather dignified, and otherwise improved. She is Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman now, and is lecturing and writing, creditably.

Chapter Twelve

FOR some time I had become much interested in Reinhart's productions of The Miracle and Shakespearean plays in Berlin and in May, 1914, I sailed for Paris enroute to Germany, actuated largely by my desire to see some of his work. After a month spent in Paris I started in company with my friends the Ralph Clarksons on a leisurely trip to Berlin. On reaching Heidelberg I received a telegram from George Hamlin, who had learned of my plans in Paris telling me that I must go to Berlin at once in order to see the two last performances to be given by Reinhart that season. I gave up a visit to Leipsic, to which I had looked forward with interest because among other things there I should see the original of Böcklein's "The Isle of Death" which for years I had greatly longed to see, and took the first train for Berlin. Upon my arrival I went to a pension Krause where I secured a charming apartment and sallied forth in search of a seat for the play which on that night was The Miracle.

The demand for seats was so great, altho this spectacular play was given in what formerly had been a skating rink transformed into a theatre for this production and seating between five and six thousand persons,

for a time I was in a state of mind bordering on despair because the finding of even a single seat seemed hopeless. Just as I was about to give up the hunt, I chanced to meet an old Chicago newspaper friend who in some mysterious way produced not only a seat for that night's performance but also one for the production of Twelfth Night which was given at the celebrated Deutches Theatre the next night.

It surely was a novel experience and a somewhat exciting one to be driven alone through the streets of Berlin the route to the theatre taking me through the Thiergarten, and by many of the enumerable statues which line the streets in every direction. Then to find myself seated in the midst of the great audience in which I did not find a single face that I had ever seen before, but as soon as the curtain went up on the opening scene I was completely absorbed in the wonders of the production which surpassed anything I had seen with its two thousand people and two hundred horses besides mules, dogs, etc., in the cast. Frau Krause had provided me with a card on which was printed her name and address—a necessary precaution as my knowledge of German was too limited to insure my safe return to the Pension.

On the following night I attended the performance of Twelfth Night which closed the Reinhart season. The performance was one of extreme interest to me. In fact it is difficult for me to express all that I got out of it. I had considered myself well acquainted with the play in all its details, having taught it for many years, and having seen notable productions of it in America, but as the curtain rose and the setting of the stage for the opening scene was revealed I was convinced that I was to see something very different from any production of the play I had ever seen before. The setting was a shallow one showing a sanded beach shore in the extreme foreground, with just the hull of the ship in view show-

ing the captain, some sailors and Viola whose entire figure including her head and most of her face was concealed by a dark hooded cape, as she stepped on shore asking, What country's this? The illusion was so startlingly real, that it was difficult to believe it was not true. I recalled a presentation of that scene given years ago at the Grand Opera House when the stage was so overloaded with scenery that it looked like a store house and Miss Viola Allen dressed in the most gorgeous bespangled costume ascended a flight of steps from a full fledged vessel and with broad and sweeping voice and pantomime inquired What—country's—this? I had seen sufficient to know that the fame which Reinhart had achieved was deserved. The whole play was remarkable in its reality and truth.

The character of the Lady Olivia played in America by a socalled first lead to the star and a very negative one at that, on this occasion by a sterling actress possessed of beauty and charm. The lady was permitted to move about as though she actually lived in her own house, a privilege which I had never seen accorded her before, Maria was a revelation. Instead of a pert saucy commonplace miss, in this case she was represented as a girl who had been born and reared in the household accustomed to the vulgar improprieties of Sir Toby and Andrew Aguecheek but entirely unaffected by their familiarity, joining somewhat in their ribaldry and laughter yet holding herself aloof from too much presumption on their part, I was greatly impressed with her pictorially. I had always seen Maria on the stage as a saucy brunette of a cheap type. This girl was fair with her blonde hair parted in the middle and falling to her waist in two braids. Her costume was dull greys and blues and altogether she was a distinct and pleasing feature of the play.

Malvolio too was represented as having the distinc-

tive qualities which the text calls for quite distinct from the extreme finicky and impossible character depicted by Sir Henry Irving and others.

The Clarksons reached Berlin before my departure and joined me at the Pension. Miss Katherine Winterbotham of Chicago, now Mrs. Thompson Buchanan of New York, was spending the year there pursuing her musical studies with Frank King Clark, who previously had been a successful singer and teacher in Chicago. One evening Mr. Clark gave a soiree in his Studio which we all attended, and where we met Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wells, George Hamlin, his wife and daughter, Miss Walton and so many other artists and friends that it seemed almost like a home reception. Alas! the breaking out of the war closed the beautiful studio and within a year poor Frank died, and all the coterie that was assembled there that evening had returned to Chicago.

From Berlin I went to Carlsbad and stopped enroute to visit the then celebrated Dalcroze School just outside Dresden. The school building resembling a Greek temple stood on a high eminence and had with its equipment cost a million dollars which had been subscribed by devotees of Dalcroze who had known him and his work in Geneva and Paris. The interior which had been designed with special reference to the accommodation of large classes in physical culture and dancing and which included a small theatre, was uniformly decorated in sand color, with here and there curtains and draperies of flame color of soft and simple fabric the whole thing producing a modern and artistic effect which quite delighted me. I had had considerable difficulty in gaining permission to visit the school as visitors were being scrutinized closely, many having carried away the distinctive features of the classes and introducing them wherever they lived without giving credit to Dalcroze. Alas! the war brought

this enterprise to a speedy close and I believe the buildings have since been used as a hospital.

From Dresden I went to Carlsbad for a month's stay and while there a brother of Fredrick Charles, Arch Duke of Austria while playing on the golf links received news of the shooting of his brother which proved to be the touching of the button which set the German war forces in motion. Nothing alarming happened for a few days, altho rumors of war filled the air. It was only when Mrs. Baxter of Evanston and I reached Zurich on our way to Lucerne that matters begun to assume a more threatening aspect. There the streets were filled with soldiers and indications seemed ominous. However we travelled the length of lovely Lake Constance after our visit to Zurich and enjoyed in tranquillity the battlements and towers "Which have stood above Lake Constance, a thousand years and more." When we reached the Hotel Nazionale at Lucerne matters begun to look grave. Groups of people were huddled together and talking in low tones, gravely shaking their heads, as the necessity for getting to England safely seemed imminent, Mrs. Baxter had occasion to return to Germany and wished me to accompany her but I decided to yield to the importunities of the Clarksons to join them at Lake Como. I left Lucerne at 9 A. M. on the morning of August first. When the train reached Lugano a man in military attire came on board and took a seat near me. He told me that war between Germany and France had been declared and that he had just taken leave of his family and was off to war. When I reached Tremezzo Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson were on the wharf as the steamer landed. Mr. Clarkson had just received a paper which contained alarming dispatches. In twenty-four hours we found ourselves to be comparative prisoners, that is we could not get to either France or England. Our only hope of escape to America was from Genoa or Naples.

Anxious days followed as continued news of war became more and more threatening. We could neither cable home nor receive cable messages for a time. We had very little money and could get none. We were so panic stricken that we refused to spend money enough to get a little alcohol with which to make afternoon tea or to buy a round trip ticket to Belaggio which cost only thirteen cents. On the first day of my arrival I had been reckless and spent a quarter to see the interior of Carlotta the finest villa on Lake Como. It nearly adjoined the hotel and its present owner allowed visitors to see the grounds and entrance hall which contained some mural decorations by Thorwaldsen and the original statue of Cupid and Psyche, the money received being given to charity.

Our anxieties increased day by day. Finally Mr. Clarkson and I together with others decided to go to Milan and try to get some money on our letters of credit or the Chicago First National bank checks which I carried. We could get none as nothing but Cooke's checks were being cashed anywhere. We however secured the promise of obtaining some money a little later. Mr. Clarkson had been in constant communication with the steamship offices in Milan, Naples and Genoa, hoping to get passage for himself, Mrs. Clarkson and me as day by day the possibility of getting home looked more and more dubious, together with the fact that Italy might at any moment be drawn into the war making our escape more difficult and more hazardous. He finally received word that a small Italian steamer which had been renovated and fitted up for the purpose of carrying Americans to New York was about to sail from Naples and there were three berths to be had in the steerage. This opportunity Mr. Clarkson saw fit to decline, largely on account of the inferiority of the vessel and that it would mean being separated from Mrs. Clarkson during the

voyage. I, however, was impressed with the advisability of taking advantage of the opportunity as the chances for getting home were becoming less and less each day. Tickets could not be reserved by telegraph, so I was obliged to go to Genoa to secure my passage. I stopped at Milan enroute and there held a conference with George Hamlin and Norman Mason, son of my friends the A. O. Masons of Highland Park who were then looking for sailing accommodations for themselves and families. George told me he hated to see me start off alone in such an undesirable boat but I made up my mind that under any conditions my mind would be more tranquil if I were journeying toward home, so I continued on my way.

When I reached Genoa to my great joy I encountered a piece of good luck. A South American steamer had been chartered by some wealthy Americans and was sailing the next morning and I could get passage on it. It seemed almost too good to be true. It was a memorable trip. We were holding our breath until we passed Gibraltar as there were reports of the danger of being turned back if Italy were to declare war which seemed probable at any moment. However we passed the great rock in safety and settled down to recover from the weeks of anxiety and to enjoy the trip.

The Rev. Freeman of Minneapolis was a passenger and conducted services in the large salon on each of the two Sundays we were on shipboard. On each occasion we attempted to sing America but our voices were choked by emotion, the first time because we had fears of never seeing our beloved land again, the second time because we were so overjoyed at the sight of it. I was guilty of throwing kisses to a huge sign of Kirk's American Family Soap which was the first familiar sight which my eyes rested on as we sailed into New York Harbor early on the morning of the last day of August. It looked good to me for more reasons than one.

I expected when I reached Chicago to find the members of my family in an emaciated condition on account of having worried about my ever getting home. To my disappointment and somewhat to my disgust they told me they had not worried at all, they knew I would manage to get home somehow.

The Clarksons followed in another boat two weeks later.

Chapter Thirteen

MR. CLARKSON had gone abroad largely in the interests of the Art Institute, and his work had not been half done when the war stopped it. For a number of years he had been and still is active in committee work of various kinds, and has not only contributed to the gallery many of his own artistic canvases, but has helped in securing some of the most valuable contributions that have been made by other artists. He is continuing those activities, and undoubtedly will continue them to the end of his days.

Practically all the more distinguished painters who lived in Chicago during the last forty years or more were members of the Art Institute. G. P. A. Healy, who rose to be a celebrity was one of these. So also was Leonard W. Volk, the sculptor, L. E. Earl, and E. F. Bigelow.

Henry F. Spread, Charles A. Corwin, Oliver Dennett Grover, John F. Vanderpool, Charles Francis Browne, Frederick Freer, Lorado Taft, Ralph Clarkson, Fred Richardson, Ralph Fletcher Seymour and Mrs. Herman Hall, are among the most important instructors the school has been fortunate enough to get. Prominent artists from other cities have been brought here to aid

in its work. Charles Francis Browne, Pauline Palmer, Louis Betts, Harriet Blackstone, and Cecil Clark Davis are familiar names in its history.

The success which the Art Institute has always met with is due first to its central location, and second to the coöperation of the large number of prominent citizens of Chicago who are annual members. The membership and that of the school exceeds that of any museum in the country and the attendance also exceeds that of any museum in the United States.

I am not going to write a categorical account of the Art Institute and its various stages of progress, but I have been in close contact with it through most of its life; and it means so much to me, even as it must mean to many others, that I would like to give a little side light upon its earlier days, and particularly upon the beginnings of its really fine gallery of paintings.

James H. Dole, of the firm of Armour-Dole and Company, was one of the most influential men in the group that originated the old exposition enterprise, and built the Exposition Hall on the lake front site now occupied by the Art Institute Building. Mr. Dole was an unusual man in many ways.

He had been highly successful in his commercial occupations, but these occupations were by no means his principal interest in life. He had a native perception in the graphic arts, and was ready at all times with his influence and his money to advance the development of art locally. It was through his effort that an art exhibit was added to the others in the old exposition, and to this exhibit he gave great and sympathetic care.

From year to year he continued to get together meritorious paintings, until the exposition gallery became a recognized feature. That collection became the nucleus of the Art Institute gallery we know today. I am not far out of the way, if at all, in crediting Mr. Dole with

the more potent share in that work which took up the old Art School and Academy of Design that had begun in 1867 and was snuffed out temporarily when the Crosby Opera House was destroyed in the fire of 1871. Mr. Dole helped bring it back when the city was rebuilt; and in that process the Art School, the Academy of Design, and the Exposition gallery were naturally brought together as a permanent institution.

He was a reticent man, ceaseless in doing good and never so much annoyed as when publicity was thrust upon him. He became a first rate judge of paintings, though his education began with minus. He was entirely candid about this—so candid that he disclosed it in his own private collection.

He had a beautiful home in Dearborn avenue, close by Oak street. In this house he had built a large and beautifully lighted long room for an art gallery of his own. The first picture to the left as you entered the room was the first picture he ever bought. The last picture on your left, as you passed out again, was his latest purchase. The gradual rise in quality disclosed by the purchases between the first and the last was astonishing, but while the earlier pictures were crude some of them dauby, all of them and all the others down to the latest had in them a living touch. He never bought a picture, of any degree, that had not in it something that would stir an emotion or set in movement a train of thought sufficient to carry you away from the grosser things of life for the moment at least.

I am inclined to think that in the power to do this lies the real definition of art, in any of its various forms. The technical skill employed in a painting counts for much in its own way, but by itself never made any picture great; whereas not even slovenly execution can obscure the virtue of a painting that has a fundamental element of truth.

I do not know what became of Mr. Dole's gallery. I think some of the pictures, especially a Fortuny, are in the Art Institute gallery, but the rest have been scattered by the scattering of his family. He died but a few years back. In all his useful life he carefully, sensitively, avoided impressing himself or the things he did upon the public mind, so that I am not sure he is remembered outside a circle whose diameter slowly decreases as the old men die who were his contemporaries. But I am sure his memory is tenderly cherished by many artists now prominent both here and abroad, to whose early efforts he gave sympathetic encouragement.

Of the artists I have named above, the one who was nearest Mr. Dole was L. C. Earl. Earl at that time had climbed so high in public notice that New York had begun to call him. Along about the middle eighties he went there. He was the first American painter sought, with good results, by the Prang concern of Boston. The Prangs had for some time been reproducing works of Art by the mechanical process known as chromo-lithography. Earl had painted a picture showing a city sportsman with a most elaborate and expansive equipment but no birds, in negotiation with a one-gallus, barefoot country boy who carried a sawed-off, single barrel, muzzle loading shotgun, and had a string of about fifty ducks. The ground was marshy, the skies were grey and the daylight fading. The city sportsman's hand was in his pocket. The story told itself.

I don't know what they paid Earl for the right to reproduce it; but whatever it may have been it was nothing compared with what it brought them. They sold over two million copies of the reproduction.

Among the artists grouped about the Art Institute, Lorado Taft is probably the most widely known outside Chicago. This is no derogation of the others, but a fact referable to Mr. Taft's peculiarly adroit method

of evoking criticism and controversy in matters where he knows he is going to come out on top. Mr. Taft has more than once had New York about his ears and profited by the assault. New York being an art storm center, whatever goes a-howling there is heard all over the continent. It is not to be denied that for this reason, and aside from his undeniable merit, Mr. Taft's reputation is national.

The achievement by which perhaps he is best known is the towering, almost sentient figure of Chief Black Hawk that stands upon an eminence near the town of Oregon. Aside from its size and its prominence in the landscape it is a significant and worthy art work. From its completion only a few years ago, it has had a widespread post card celebrity. It has the peculiar distinction of standing close by the home of Frank O. Lowden, who at the time of this writing is Governor of Illinois, and who for the part of his life thus far lived and the part as yet unlived stands and will stand as one of the great men of the west.

Associated with the Art Institute are the names of Charles L. Hutchinson, W. M. R. French, and N. H. Carpenter. Mr. French gave the best that was in him to the Institute and its operations through many years, up to his death in 1914.

Charles L. Hutchinson has been president of the association since 1882, and before that time had been a director and a most ardent promoter of its best interests. It is a fortunate and infrequent thing when a man is found who combines genius in finance with a love of art and who is willing to put his combined powers back of an establishment like this. We all know what the Art Institute has become, how much it means in this community and the western states, but we do not know how much of its standing and influence it owes to Mr. Hutchinson. This much is clear: that without his devoted and unselfish

Charles L. Hutchinson.

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interest and activity it would be far short of what it actually is.

Something of the same nature can be said of Mr. N. H. Carpenter, who was with the Institute since its organization as Secretary, Director and Business Manager —the latter office, held for forty years. A record any man might be proud of. Mr. Carpenter died May 27, 1918.

Mr. Frederic Clay Bartlett and Mr. Howard Van Doren Shaw have been prominent among the workers on the board of the Art Institute and are men of artistic sense and achievement, Mr. Shaw's "civic center" recently built in Lake Forest being important in its effect.

Other prominent men associated with the Institute in various capacities are Martin L. Ryerson, William O. Goodman, Frank G. Logan, and Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus.

Chapter Fourteen

AMONG the distinguished foreign painters to visit Chicago and the Art Institute in 1904 was Blommers, the great Dutch painter who shares honors with Israel and Maude. I met Blommers and his wife in Ralph Clarkson's studio, and found we had much in common. He urged me to visit them at the Hague whenever I came to Holland. Another important visitor to Chicago about that time was Signor Biazi, Librarian of the Laurentian Library in Florence. He came to my Studios and expressed much interest in the work being done at that time. It happened that occasion took me to Florence two years later. Soon after my arrival there I paid a visit to Signor Biazi at the library, which my readers

will recall was designed by Michel Angelo and contains a wonderful collection of books, early manuscripts, and hand engravings of priceless value.

Signor Biazi received me with the utmost cordiality. When recalling his visit to Chicago and the work he had seen in my Studios he suddenly exclaimed,

"You must be entertained by our dramatic school while you are here. It is a state institution of importance. Salvini is one of its directors."

Whereupon he went to the telephone and had a talk with Signor Luigi, head of the school, with the result that a formal invitation was sent me at my hotel for the following afternoon, signed by the Director of the Royal School of Art.

The program which had been arranged for my entertainment was given in a small theatre, a part of the school's equipment. Naturally I was keenly interested in seeing the work of an Italian school, especially one of such recognized importance. At that time I was imbued with the idea that Italians were to be relied upon for truthful pantomime and action correctly supplementing the thought expressed by the voice, and was surprised to note that the performers in the plays indulged in as much excess and unrelated action as that observed in our American students.

Signor Luigi confided to me that a young woman, their most gifted pupil, was so nervous that she could not be induced to appear before Salvini and myself. I requested an introduction and engaged her in conversation so far as my knowledge of Italian would permit, and finally asked her to tell me about some object which stood upon the stage. She accompanied me there without the slightest hesitation. I walked about on the stage with her until unconsciously she grew accustomed to me and the audience below, and then I whispered to her the advantage it undoubtedly would be to her to recite for

Salvini. After a slight hesitation she did recite, and very well, with almost the expression and subtle quality of Dusé. I never heard how she got on. After this I talked to the school and gave several monologues and recitations, among them being Othello's apology, which I had heard Salvini recite in McVicker's Theatre some years before.

I left the theatre on the arm of Salvini, who escorted me to my carriage, which I found had been filled with roses by the directors and students of the school. For once in my life I felt like a Patti or a Bernhardt. The next day I received an invitation to remain in Florence as an instructor in the school. But my devotion to America and home was too great for me to consider the offer, flattering though it was.

Some time before reaching Florence I had accepted an invitation to go to Cologne and visit my friend Mrs. H. M. Millard of Highland Park, and her daughter, Mrs. Hugo Fisher, then as now a resident of Cologne. I had a most enjoyable visit. I remember the first time I saw the cathedral. It was on a beautiful moonlight night. I was so overcome by its impressive architecture that I could hardly resist prostrating myself before it, so great was its spiritual effect upon me.

It chanced that this year, 1906, the tri-centennial of Rembrandt was being celebrated with great pomp in Amsterdam. I recalled the Blommers invitation to visit them should I be in the neighborhood, so I dispatched a note asking them to send a reply to the American hotel in Amsterdam. On my arrival there a few days later the porter informed me that he hadn't a vacant room, at which I muttered to myself something about Blommers, whereupon he informed me that Mr. Blommers and his wife were in the hotel. I was more disappointed than ever to be unable to remain there, but acted upon the porter's advice and drove to another hotel, where I was

only able to obtain meager accommodations, the city being so crowded. After dinner as I stood at the telephone, some one pulled my sleeve. I turned and saw an old pupil from Des Moines whom I had not met for several years. Being more or less of a tuft-hunter she was eager to accompany me to call on Mr. and Mrs. Blommers. It was the last night of the celebration. The streets were full of revelers, many in masquerade, and all bent on making the most of the occasion. It was impossible to obtain a carriage. As we stood in the door of the hotel two American youths who happened to overhear our conversation offered to escort us to a car which would take us to the American hotel. We were glad to accept their polite attention.

As we stepped into the hotel Mr. and Mrs. Blommers entered from an opposite door. Although he had not received my letter, he came to me without a moment's hesitation, exclaiming, "Miss Morgan of Chicago!" He at once ordered some refreshments. When I told him we proposed going to the Isle of Marken the next day he said,

"Oh no, go with us to the Art Galleries tomorrow. We will all go to Marken next day."

It was a great privilege as well as a great pleasure to view the pictures with him and get his ideas concerning them. Being a conventional painter of little children and domestic scenes—such as a mother rocking her baby in its cradle, or holding it up to view a parrot in a cage; or groups of little boys playing on the seashore. He had no tolerance of ideal painters like Böcklin and Thoma, who drew largely upon their imagination. Notwithstanding my expressed admiration of them he told me they were a crazy lot. A special room had been provided for Rembrandt's "The Night Watch," an honor to which every great work is entitled, and which thereto-

fore, so far as I know, had only been accorded "The Sistine Madonna" and the "Venus de Milo."

We were certainly repaid for our visit to Marken the next day. Never have I seen any place so primitive, so distinctive. The houses consisted chiefly of one room, each of which contained all necessaries for a family of perhaps five or six, space being gained by the beds closed up against the wall. The women wore quaint figured gowns, muslin caps and dainty aprons, all scrupulously, even painfully clean. The chief object in life of those women evidently was to keep themselves and their homes immaculate, and they succeeded.

I spent the next day at the Hague, leaving in the afternoon for Holland, where I was to cross over to London. I stopped for a couple of hours en route at Delft, to see the china factories and other things. My guide there was an interesting youth with an alert mind. He expressed much interest regarding Chicago, and said he was collecting postal cards, and wished I would send him some. When I asked him what kind of pictures he would like he said, "O, do send me some about the hogs."

The Harry Selfridges at the time of my visit to London were occupying a noble old country house about sixty miles north of town. It was part of my purpose in England to accept an invitation to visit them at this home. Americans who have not enjoyed the hospitality of an English country home cannot imagine the quiet comfort of life in such a place. It was an old and stately home, made rich by some aura of many generations of generous living, of culture, faith and fine ideals. There is a sense of fullness, of spiritual as of bodily things attained in the atmosphere of such a home. And the setting is in perfect harmony with it. Ancient lawns that to the tread have the soft spring of heavily piled velvet; trees that are old and noble in their age, gardens that carry varying blends of color through the seasons,

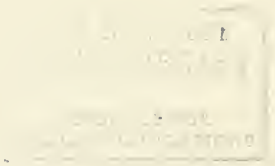
always rich; a sky of soft blue with clouds of soft grey, blending tenderly over a landscape of green from the tenderest tint to the deepest coloration; stretching fields of grain and meadow-lands with here and there a cottage of grey stone, roofed in old red tiles, vines covering the walls with a spray of delicate blooms, or sometimes with the gentle tone of ivy; hedge-rows everywhere, that in their season are fragrant of their pretty flowers; paths winding here and there to quaint stiles; a church tower mildly looking toward heaven from out some venerable church yard, with its solemn, immemorial oaks. The scene breathes serenity and peace.

I had always loved to dwell upon a line in the speech of Orlando to the banished Duke in the forest: "If ever been where bells have knolled to church." There is soft summer and tranquillity in the picture carried by those appealing words, but I never understood them nor got the picture truly until I heard the bells of a church a mile or so away calling the people on a Sunday morning. The bells were old, their tone was mellow, the distance just enough to shade their volume to a dying fall. We have all of us heard church bells toll, or heard them clang together, or one at a time, we have heard them ring. Never before had I heard them "knoll." To me they seemed ancestral voices, calling to those long mouldered generations who lay asleep under the turf below—a holy sound.

The Selfridges were more than kind in their reception of me. They made their home my home, and all my wishes were anticipated, in that unobtrusive way they have—those good people, those kind friends. Mrs. Selfridge died on May 14, 1918, nine days after Mrs. Potter Palmer's death.

Out of all the motor trips I had one in particular which was made memorable by my visit to the almost prehistoric village of Broadway in Worcestershire.

Mrs. Harry Gordon Selfridge.



Broadway is one of the many sequestered places in England of which no one outside the immediate neighborhood knows anything. It would have remained an undiscovered delight to me if it were not for its being the home of my old friend Mary Anderson Navarro. It is a far cry from McVicker's Theatre in Chicago to Broadway in Worcestershire, but the last time I had seen this gifted woman was in McVicker's, when she played both Perdita and Hermione. I had not forgotten the sweet witchery of her dance on the green in the earlier part of the play when she was Perdita, the purely Greek impression when the curtains were drawn apart to show her as the seeming statue of Hermione, nor the depth of feeling she revealed when the statue became the living Queen, once more came back from her unknown retirement. It was altogether the best performance of "A Winter's Tale" I have ever seen, and in my opinion the finest piece of work Miss Anderson ever accomplished. She was Mary Anderson then. "Our Mary" we used to call her. It was toward the end of her career here at home. Not long after she became Mrs. Navarro, and retired to private life. The Navarro home is at this same old world Broadway. She has emerged from time to time and appeared in London for various charities. But after each such occasion she has gone back to Broadway, to the life of an English gentlewoman and the care of her family.

Chapter Fifteen

FROM the ashes of the great fire arose with feverish haste many men and many movements that strove without coördination to the creation of a new city with higher ideals. Nearly all of them were futile and fleeting, but one true note was sounded by one man theretofore comparatively unknown, a young man eager, active, splendid in temperament and mentality—George Benedict Carpenter. How much we owe to him it would be hard to say. For a time that is long to look back upon he has been resident in climes more happy than are known here below, but the things to which he gave impetus are alive, and will project their influence through the times to come.

The fire had destroyed all the halls as well as all the theatres; but the bulk of population and the best residential neighborhoods were on the west side, which the fire had not touched. In association with another young man named Sheldon he formed the firm of Carpenter & Sheldon, and made arrangements with the trustees of the Union Park Congregational church in Ashland avenue overlooking the Park, by which arrangements they had the use of the church audience-room for lectures and concerts. Here they gave two or three successful seasons. I cannot go into particulars in that regard, for I had not then come to Chicago. But when I did come in 1876, Carpenter & Sheldon had the lead in all the better entertainments of that kind, and had become well known throughout the western country as high class managers.

Rebuilding on the south side had drawn away the value of the Union Park location, and the firm was sometimes embarrassed by inability to control desirable places

on the south side with any certainty beyond immediate dates. This gave rise to Mr. Carpenter's desire for a hall of his own. Mr. Sheldon was not inclined to follow that lead, and before the project took complete shape he withdrew from the firm and went to live in London as the representative of a financial concern that had extensive connections in England. Having a free hand, George proceeded to formulate the project which resulted in the old Central Music Hall being built on the southeast corner of State and Randolph streets. Until after the Auditorium was built, that is to say until 1889, Central Music Hall was the scene of all the best in concert, oratorio and lecture work, and the meetings or conventions of musical and other societies.

Mr. Carpenter was particularly distinguished by his strict adhesion to the higher planes of musical performance, but in the pure democracy of his nature he wanted to bring great music to the many, being that great majority which knew nothing of the better forms and never patronized the more select places. The old exposition building on the lake front where the Art Institute now stands (it covered about three times as much as that covered by the Institute) was vacant in the summer time. He took a tentative hold upon it, and then made a master stroke. He engaged Theodore Thomas and the Thomas Orchestra, one of the largest and best in the world, to play a season in that building, giving the best music that ever was brought to the town for an entrance fee of fifty cents, sometimes on afternoons for twenty-five cents. The building had a capacity of at least ten thousand. There never was a bad day nor an empty house. The success was so complete in every way that it was followed by several other equally successful seasons, the result being that arrangements were made by which the Orchestra became a Chicago institution, retaining the name of Thomas until Mr. Thomas died, after which time it was known as

the Chicago Symphony Orchestra—the same organization that now has its home in the Orchestra Hall Building.

Mr. Carpenter's splendid and beneficent career was at its height when death took him suddenly away in 1882. Milward Adams, who had entered Mr. Carpenter's employment about 1870, while yet a boy, and who was familiar with Mr. Carpenter's plans and methods was retained to carry on his work, and did carrry it on until he was engaged to manage the Auditorium Theatre in 1889. The Thomas Orchestra was transferred to the Auditorium and remained there until Orchestra Hall was completed some years later, when Mr. Thomas died and was succeeded by Frederick Stock, who is still at the head of the Orchestra.

It would be difficult to overestimate the value of what George Carpenter did for Chicago and for music in Chicago. There is no doubt whatever that the orchestra gave the first great offering of real music to the whole population; nor is there any doubt that we owe to Carpenter's spacious conception the really sound musical taste for which this city has become so well known that musical organizations below the first rank know better than to come here. His genius was creative, and its operation was happily facilitated by his executive ability, his prompt and thorough habit of action. In his private capacity he was a most companionable man, bubbling over with good humor, widely informed, witty and warm hearted. No one could ask to have a better or more constant friend. He was the exception that proved the accepted rule that a man of positive character is sure to make enemies here and there. He had none. No, not one. A statement of this fact would be his noblest epitaph. I am but one of many who benefited by his friendship and advice.

Long before I came to Chicago there flourished a large and well balanced musical organization called the

Germania Maennerchor. I do not know whether it antedated the introduction of Germany's far sighted propaganda system, but it was thoroughly German, and beyond any doubt had a large influence in favor of things Germanic, for two reasons: it sang and played the best music that had ever come out of Germany; and its membership was drawn from the most substantial citizenry in the German population of Chicago, which after the Civil war was almost half of the entire population. In 1869 this society gave a superb performance of "The Magic Flute" in the Crosby Opera House. It was so good a performance that it was still talked about when I arrived here, eight or nine years later. Sometime in the eighteen-seventies they gave in full, and I think in McVicker's Theatre, the opera, "The Bat." Somehow I missed this event, but I remember it was the talk of the town. The Maennerchor descended from father to son through many later years. For all I know to the contrary it may in some form still be going on, but it fell out of prominence when George B. Carpenter built the Central Music Hall and by so doing terminated the use of the great hall in the McCormick building at the corner of Clark and Kinzie streets. That hall had housed all the big choral performances from the time it was completed just after the fire. It lapsed into disuse, except for occasional meretricious indoor fairs, or third or fourth rate dances, until it bumped the bottom of respectable use and became a home for cheap dramatic stock companies, and then still cheaper vaudeville.

In reaching around through the past to find (perhaps unnecessarily) the beginning of things as they are, I get nothing antedating the Maennerchor. But after-days are clearer; and from the fading clouds of the great fire emerges the Beethoven Society. It is matter for regret that more distinct records of the Beethoven Society were not kept, for it died away many years after, and lives

only in the memory of those few elders who were concerned with it, or who drank delight at its hands. The Beethoven Society was best known for its perfection in chamber music. Naturally operating in this withdrawn and lofty area, it was not obtruded upon general public notice, nor did it care for any attention or patronage from the majority, because the majority had no ears for those high and pure things in which it wrought. It may seem somewhat anomalous, but a large part of its patronage and most of its courage grew out of the earnest and wise counsel and sympathy of August Blum, a Jewish gentleman of delicate tastes and a sound knowledge of all that is best in music. It is characteristic of such people that the good they do and the help they give are done and given for the sake of doing and giving, without a thought of self. Mr. Blum was a banker. Up to the time the Union bank of Chicago was absorbed in the First National, he had been in charge of its foreign bond department. After the combination he became a second vice president of the First National, and so remained until his retirement in 1916. It would be curious to learn just how much of the development of the best interest in music were due to him and to his altruism. Most of those who might have told have been "guests on high" these many days, and for himself, the rest is silence.

The Apollo Club began to loom large while yet the Beethoven Society was safely seated in its lofty niche, where all might see. The rise of the Apollo club was inversely accompanied by the fade-out of the Beethoven. It came into full hearing while yet it was young. It was and remains a choral organization. Every season it sang some one of the great oratorios, and all it undertook it did well. I think perhaps its best work was its singing of the Messiah. Its most vigorous term of life was passed under the direction of William L. Tomlins. When Mr. Tomlins stepped aside his place was taken by Har-

rison Wild, under whose administration it goes tranquilly on.

The Woman's Amateur Musical Club had its origin in the wareroom of a piano firm where four ladies met to practice. Gradually they attracted a band of listeners and players, which grew in number until the club included a large number of the most musically gifted women in Chicago, whose influence in cultivating a taste for good music has been distinguished. One of the original four was Nettie Roberts, later Mrs. Ben Jones. Among the organizers of the club were Mrs. Theodore Thomas, Mrs. John M. Clark, Mrs. Frank Gordon, Mrs. George B. Carpenter, Mrs. Charles Haynes and Mrs. William Warren.

The Woman's Amateur Musical Club has been amply justified of its works. It would seem that after a few years of personal endeavor, the membership came into a great light, in which they discovered a purpose and a cause leading by broader highways to more perfect ends. It decided to become a useful instead of an amateur club, changed its name to the Musicians' Club, and began to devote its attention and funds to discovering and advancing talents in music outside its own membership, and wherever there was a deserving case. In this they have been successful in many instances, disappointed only in a few, and instrumental in furnishing to the ranks of the profession many creditable, even excellent musicians, men and women. The club has not restricted itself to any one kind of individual ability, but has accepted possible singers, of whatever voice or register, and instrumentalists employing any instrument. These people it has tried out, and with what I must call admirable judgment has taken hold of the best, helped them in their training, finding them professional employment, sometimes going so far as to pay for the maintenance and education of

a singer or a player at the best schools of this country and western Europe.

It is really an admirable, practical and effective organization, not riotously enthusiastic, but steadily intent upon the best good to be accomplished, in behalf of music first, and next in behalf of individual aspirants. Its quarters are in The Fine Arts Building.

Chapter Sixteen

JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER has made a deep, and I think and hope a lasting impression, upon the music of this country. There are many competent people who place his name alongside some of the best song writers of Europe, and somewhat in advance of other scholarly composers native to our own soil. Not long ago Kurt Schindler, a writer of recognized authority, had this to say about him:

"The works of John Alden Carpenter are a most unusual offering; in trying to characterize them one has to give to them some of the noblest attributes that can be given to music. Written to the most exquisitely chosen poetry, they are wrought with a sound musicianship, in a style quite personal and new. The fact alone that such wonderful poems as 'The Green River,' the Blake songs and Stevenson's verses are set for the voice with perfect diction, with the most graceful and melodious outline, will give valuable testimony to the fact that the English language, if properly set, is a perfect means of musical expression. Furthermore these vocal settings are framed in piano accompaniments of such delicate refinement, such a wealth of lovely sound, that the general effect of the songs becomes one of exquisite pictures, that you want to

revel in, that you want to hear over and over again. John Alden Carpenter's songs have heart and blood, they have the spirit and grace, coupled with a refined harmonic sense, of some of the modern French lyricists, Chausson and Duparc; and yet there is with it all a delightful English sub-current, as if inherited from ancestral times, that gives these songs their particular fragrance."

Mrs. Carpenter, herself a musician and poet of distinctive merit, has collaborated with him in the production of several works, the best known of these being "Improving Songs for Anxious Mothers." These books are in great vogue—probably the only things of their kind produced here which sell freely in the music market. Aside from her gift in music and in rhyme Mrs. Carpenter has honestly earned a high and growing reputation as a decorative artist, excelling particularly in mural decoration. People who visit the Auditorium Theatre may find an expression of her powers in the interior decoration of that house. Other places less accessible or less widely known have been graced by her good taste and skill. She is almost uncomfortably in demand for work of that kind, though I hope she will not allow it to divert her from the direction of her original endeavors.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter collaborate in music. They are singularly congenial. They work and play together, everywhere. Each might fitly be imagined as repeating continuously to the other the declaration of Ruth to Naomi.

Chicago has given to the world several composers, and some of these have made songs that have been sung all round the world, and will be sung by generations yet to come. The name of George Root presents itself the moment this subject comes up. His best work was done while the civil war was on; but its message, its pure appeal, went at once and always will go to those deep emo-

tions that are implicit in human nature—and human nature is the same in all ages. A long course of years followed before another Chicago composer produced a song that similarly addressed itself to all the people. How Carrie Jacobs Bond came to write "The Perfect Day" I do not know, but I share the common knowledge that it is one of those great songs whose words and music interblend to the expression of a thought that is fraught with consolation and hope to all who hear it. It is quite incidental that the sale of this song has lifted Mrs. Bond from straitened circumstances to affluence. The glorious climate of California and that particular part of it which scintillates around and about San Diego, agrees with Mrs. Bond's disposition, wherefore she has gone there to enjoy the end of many perfect days as they have out yonder each year.

How many operas have been written by Chicago people? I might almost as well ask how many are the unsung songs. Nebulous memories of operatic ambitions that died dumb float around in the gathering mists of the backward years. I hear a faint note of Frederick Grant Gleason, a fainter of Silas G. Pratt. There are others still fainter, but the names are forgotten, possibly to be evoked for renewal in some future domain of life beyond the stars, where good intentions may be counted for as much as mere performance. But there is one glorious burst of music that surges down in waves of harmony along the many days, and will go on because it is true.

Reginald de Koven belongs to a family distinguished for its culture and for its excellence in finance. A star sang, and under that he was born. His mind was filled with melody, but his hands were filled with money. The disharmony between melody and money dragged him forth from the bank in which his father was a power, and landed him where he belonged. The other birds in

the de Koven nest were disconcerted by this new one. It took them a long time to realize that operas may happen in the best regulated families. I heard him once declare to Eugene Field that he had never committed any crime that would justify his being shut up behind a brass grating and compelled to talk through the bars with uninteresting people, about currency. It was shortly after that declaration that he and Harry B. Smith put their heads together and elaborated "Robin Hood." It is curious that this same topic or story was used by the first composer of an opera in English, about the end of the fourteenth century. It is a big jump from the rural England of King John to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, but de Koven and Smith made it and landed in safety, high up. There is little more to be said about this, unless, maybe, that the song number most familiar, the one that is instantly suggested by the mention of "Robin Hood," is "Oh Promise Me." It was not in the original score, but in the place where it now occurs there was a soft spot, a slowing down, that puzzled managers and composers alike. Tom Karl, the first tenor in the company, told de Koven he thought he could fill that out if de Koven would write him a song to be interpolated. The song was written, and fell flat. After two or three performances Karl wanted to cut it out. Here came in our own Jessie Bartlett Davis, the contralto of the company (and what a glorious contralto!) who liked the song and thought she could do something with it. With Karl's consent de Koven transposed it for Mrs. Davis. It had one rehearsal with orchestra, and she sang it that night.

It set the audience wild. They made her sing it over and over and over again. From that time on it was the feature always waited for, always called for. Wherever Mrs. Davis went she was entreated to sing it. She sang it so often that the words became to her most hateful things; but of the song itself she never wearied. Do you

blame her about the words? Suppose you had to say or sing all the time:

"Oh promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky!"

What did Harry Smith have in his mind when he wrote that? Why should anybody promise any such thing? And to what sky? and again why? Was he cryptic? Was he trying to start something? Or did he think he was Robert Browning?

A strange reversal of function is to be observed by naturalists and other disinterested observers continuously and unfailingly manifests itself in the concerns of composers and performers of music, an action and reaction as it were, in which the reaction becomes permanent and the action is forgotten. A composer may compose his head off without a chance of getting anywhere unless a performer brings out his work. This applies particularly to music that is intended to be sung.

I am reminded of it (without prejudice in any direction) by a state of facts that gradually shaped itself before my looking eyes. Everybody knows George Hamlin. That is, everybody hereabout who is interested in music. Critics and public alike conceded him a place in the first row of the concert stage, while yet his career was young. He holds that place without dispute, and with growing approval. He is at once a man solidly informed, a voice with a homely, human warmth of heart. Because this is true he is a great singer, a satisfying artist. By many competent critics he is accounted the best tenor on the concert stage in this country. I think it may be said freely that he is the only American tenor voice possessing the power to stir emotion. It has exquisite power in the lower register, and it has remarkable range.

I was led to the foregoing action and reaction observa-

tion by a consideration of this and the knowledge that he had been instrumental in bringing into public notice Richard Strauss, Hugo Wolf, Max Reger, Tipton Campbell, H. Burleigh and several other composers theretofore unheard, even unheard of. How familiar those names are now; how easily they took their places on the shelves of all music dealers after they had been heard through Hamlin's voice! How sure they are of the place he won for them with the people, and how long they will stay and be sung after that witching voice has died away, gone to the place where music is, and beauty has no shade!

While most of his work was done elsewhere, a good deal of it in Europe, John McWade will not be forgotten in his native Chicago. By many he is given a place next to George Hamlin, but he diffused his efforts in too many directions to have built up, as he might have done, in any one. John McWade gave up singing and took up insurance a few years before his death in 1905.

Who among the elder people of Chicago can forget the big, sonorous, rich bass of Frank Lombard. More than any other singer we ever had he was a part of the public life of the town. Whenever any movement was on, especially if it were a Republican or a civic betterment movement, Frank was called in to sing. He could engage and hold the feelings of an audience and sway them like so much standing wheat in a great wind. The darkey songs, "Old Black Joe" and "Old Shady," are sung today, because Frank sang them first and made their depth of feeling known. "Old Black Joe" is elementally simple and in itself affecting. It may be taken as a specimen of American negro music at its best—though I do not know who wrote it. Frank's brother Jules survived him many years, and may be said to have taken his place—a peculiar one, which has disappeared

since neither Frank nor Jules are here to hold it; and there is no other.

During the last forty years four names of distinction among the foremost pianists have identified themselves with Chicago. One, Mrs. Ellen (Nellie) Crosby, has gone away. One of the others has retired from the public view—Julia Rivé King. Another, William H. Sherwood, died not long ago. The fourth, Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, maintains her standing and raises it higher from year to year. She has become a world celebrity.

Mrs. King made her first appearance here in 1874, while she still was Julia Rivé. It was in Chicago she received her first complete recognition. After that she toured the country as a concert pianist, sometimes as a solo artist with one or another great orchestra, but during much of her time she lived here. Followed a few years in New York, and then a return to Chicago as teacher in one of the schools of music, apparently a permanent position. Mrs. King had a most remarkable power in memorizing complex music of the higher order. She had wrists of steel, and a superb command of technical expression. To those she owed her prominence.

Mrs. Crosby has a singularly clear intuition for musical meanings, an almost uncanny appreciation of emotional values. Her technical training was sufficient to enable a transmission of those values to her hearers. In these things she may be put in a class by herself.

Mr. Sherwood came from Boston. Before he joined the Chicago Conservatory he had acquired a considerable reputation in concert work. He was an excellent technician and a competent teacher. I speak of him in the past tense, because he is no longer living.

But the greatest pianist we can call our own is Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler. In earlier days she was a pupil of Carl Wolfsohn, who was not only himself a musician, but quick to recognize latent genius in others.

When she had learned all he could teach her she had gone far enough to make her future clear. Her education was completed in Europe. Upon her return and from her first public appearance she was acclaimed an artist of the first class. How she learned or what she learned from any of the masters under whom she studied matters little, for her own innate power would have found a way to its own expression, by itself. There are few people of whom this can be said with equal truth. The piano after all is a machine, and only a soul touched by the true fire can transcend its mechanical limitations, and make it sing the whole range of pure feeling. Before Mrs. Zeisler's advent Mme. Essipoff was the one pianist who could "play like a lady, and make the piano sing like an angel," as was said of her by a critic I have heretofore mentioned. Mrs. Zeisler overtopped Mme. Essipoff in that she could bring out not only delicacy and beauty, but a majesty and panoply of color that neither Mme. Essipoff nor any other player I have ever heard could even remotely approach. It is not only my own opinion that speaks now. Two continents have given full recognition to her transcendent ability. Mrs. Zeisler's home is here, and that fact gives its own shade of meaning to the name of Chicago.

In addition to these four, I should speak of Allen Spencer, one of a younger group, who without abandoning the classic composers has developed surprising facility and felicity in interpreting the works of DeBussey and other modern composers, both European and American. With these he has been recognized broadly in concert work.

Chapter Seventeen

ON OCTOBER 30, 1899, my friend Irving K. Pond, doubtless animated by a desire to contribute to my knowledge of Delsarte, invited me to accompany him to the Literary Club, which then held its meetings in the old University Club house in Dearborn street, where he read a paper on "The Poetry of Motion." Whenever there was a fourth Monday in the month it was called ladies' night, and this was one of these occasions. Among others honored by the privilege of speaking before the ladies were Fred Root and Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor.

The Literary club has the distinction of being the oldest of the men's literary clubs in Chicago, having been established in June, 1874, one year after the Woman's Fortnightly, which was founded in June, 1873, making it the pioneer among woman's clubs. Robert Collyer was the first president of the Literary Club, and its list of members include many of the leading personalities of our best citizenry. Its unflagging interest and prosperity has been largely due to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Frederick Gookin, who has been its secretary and treasurer since 1880. The club occupies a suite of rooms on the ninth floor of the Fine Arts Building, in connection with the Caxton Club, the members of which are lovers of the technicalities of book making—and who frequently publish standard works in beautiful bindings.

An interesting little story is connected with Fred Root's evening with the Literary Club. At that time Mrs. Coonley-Ward was holding a series of what might be called literary and musical symposiums at her home on the Lake Shore Drive. Mr. Root thought he

would try out the program he had prepared for the Literary Club at one of these meetings, which on this occasion had been arranged in honor of Abbie Sage Richardson of Boston. Mr. Root had composed music which had for its theme a mother whose necessity compelled her to work all day, and the joy she experienced on returning home at night to be reunited to her baby child. He asked the audience to guess the subject of the composition while hearing it played. The company suggested many possible themes, without success, when suddenly Irving Pond exclaimed with his habitual acumen, "Why, it's something about a mother, a mother and her child." So the riddle was solved.

Fred Root, be it remembered, was the son of George Root of early musical fame, and the brother of Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, to whom she is indebted for her start as a story writer.

The story goes that Mr. Root had urged his sister to become an author, but she had persistently refused to experiment, declaring she could not write. Finally he is said to have shut her up in a room, declaring he would not unlock the door till she had written a story, which she did, taking the boyhood of Fred and his brother Charles for a subject. I believe this story was never published, but it led to her writing many other widely read and successful stories, chief of which is "Jewel."

To return to the evening at the Literary Club: Mr. Pond succeeded so well in his address before the ladies and in many other contributions to artistic Chicago that he was made president of the American Institute of Architects at Washington, and while filling that office represented not only the Institute, but our government, in the international congress of Architects, and delivered addresses in Rome and Venice, and before the congress in London at the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Mr. Pond and Daniel H. Burnham are two of four of our Americans who have been so honored.

While there have been many clubs in Chicago that have made a feature of receiving and entertaining distinguished visitors the Twentieth Century Club which was founded in 1889 at the suggestion of Mrs. Fernando Jones and her daughter Mrs. George Roswell Grant, was distinctive among them. The meetings were designed not only to afford distinguished writers and other artists an opportunity to meet the men and women who largely constituted Chicago's culture, to make the stranger within our gates acquainted with the more gracious aspects of our community life, but to address them as well. The first meeting was held at the residence of Mr. George M. Pullman, December 18, 1889. The speaker on that occasion was Charles Dudley Warner who spoke on "Our Criminal Classes." The club closed its twenty-fifth year on January 26, 1916, John Masefield being the speaker, his subject Shakespeare.

William Morton Payne was the Secretary and Treasurer of the club during the entire term of its existence. It fulfilled the mission for which it was organized. The necessity for its continuance diminished as the town outgrew the state of things that had originally made its formation desirable and for almost a quarter of a century had enjoyed. It is more than a pleasant memory; and this memory is kept alive by the names of a few of those who had sometimes inspired, often directed those activities.

First among the owners of these names comes Mrs. Mary H. Wilmarth. It is a happy thought, a strange thing, that Mrs. Wilmarth throughout her long life (she was born in 1837) has been a good, often a strong influence in all that has made for higher aims and finer living in this place, for a strong influence is not always a good one. She was of New England origin and came

Mrs. Mary H. Wilmarth.

[illegible]
[illegible] PUBLICATIONS

here in her earlier womanhood, the wife of H. M. Wilmarth. Long before the Congress Hotel was built the Wilmarths lived in a house covering part of the ground in Michigan avenue where the hotel now stands. During much of that time the neighborhood was one of the best though whenever the stormy winds did blow the lake, had a playful way of slapping over the opposite sidewalk and spraying the grass in front of their door. From her arrival in Chicago and quite without self assertion, Mrs. Wilmarth's native traits of character brought her and her opinions a growing deference. Those opinions were of the kind that prevailed in the New England of her youth, and had firm roots in a mind that offered a blend of positivity and kindliness. Through all her days she has held fast to those principles for their own sake, and without regard to their bearing upon any of the formulated religions. All of us who have known Mrs. Wilmarth for any length of time have been aware of her peculiar clarity of thought, the charm of her wit, which now as then was trenchant; her generosity, her capability for sincere friendship. If I were to try to describe her in the fewest words and with the fullest truth, I would say that in her soul and in all her acts she distilled the essence of what we call the law of service. I cannot help feeling a regret that the radius of these acts of hers was in the comity of things so localized.

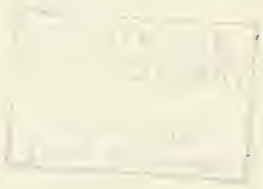
Next in perspective is Franklin H. Head, who was a very big man in the club but a bigger man outside it. Before Mr. Head, in the middle formative stage of Chicago as we know it, there had been many brilliant lawyers, a few great ones, and some glittering wits. He came in after Emory Storrs, Wirt Dexter, Leonard Swett, and the great group to which they belonged had pretty much passed away. He typifies now the broader and more adaptable school of the present day. His

professional ability is well enough known and freely conceded. But his other sides, those in which he shone at his best, were reserved for private life. His familiarity with and judgment of English Literature was wide and sound. He was himself a writer good enough to justify a belief that he might have risen to distinction in that line, had he chosen to follow it. He exercised the largest hospitality without ostentation. At his home, a beautiful colonial house at No. 2 Banks street he entertained distinguished writers, musicians and statesmen in a congenial atmosphere. Men and women, whatever their achievements in those fields were always in the front line of his friendships. Mr. Head died in June, 1914.

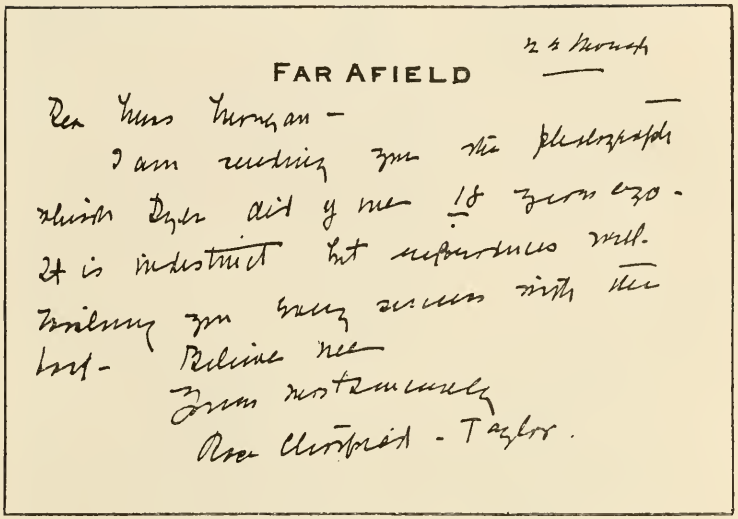
Chapter Eighteen

ARLY in March, 1918, I wrote to Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor at her home in Santa Barbara, telling her that I was engaged in writing a book which I hoped to complete and that I should like to have her picture to adorn its pages—adding that it made no difference at what period of her life the picture was taken. With the responsiveness and promptness characteristic of her, I received the following note which if not the last was among the very last notes she ever wrote:

Franklin H. Head.



Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor.


FAR AFIELD

Dear Miss Morgan —

I am sending you the photograph which Dyer did of me 18 years ago. It is indistinct but resembles well. Wishing you many success with the book. Believe me

Yours sincerely

Rose Kirkland - Taylor.

Mrs. Taylor died on April 5th, after a brief illness of one week. The following tribute to her memory by her friend Caroline Kirkland appeared in The Chicago Tribune.

"To conquer death, to chase its shadows away by the radiance of your personality, is a notable achievement. No one who ever knew Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor (beautiful Rose Farwell Taylor) will ever think of her as anything but alive, young, gay, serene, unfailingly gentle and kindly in her attitude toward every one.

"Imperishable youth and beauty is an enviable portion. It takes a stoic to face old age, a philosopher to endure it, and a saint to pass successfully through it to the only gate leading out of it. Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor had all these qualifications, but she was fortunate in not having to draw upon them, and to remain for her contemporaries a vision of all that is desirable in and for a woman."

Mrs. Potter Palmer was a daughter of H. H. Honore and H. H. Honore was a man of gentle blood, descended from an old French family of high degree. Immediately after the civil war Mr. Honore began to climb into fortune and prominence through his share in rebuilding the city. This fortune proved a mutable quantity, but he formed associations with several men of less imagination and greater tenacity, and through these associations he and his children first assumed, then by sheer merit retained leadership in such social life as the town could show. Bertha Honore married Potter Palmer. Potter Palmer possessed many splendid traits, and exceptional force of character. The great fire had totally ruined him. Its ashes were not cold before he had begun again to build up riches for himself. He was one of the few Chicago men who never bothered with politics, nor fussed with public affairs, yet whose names are in the mouth or memories of all their countrymen. Mrs. Potter Palmer had a genius for great enterprises that matched her husband's; and she had graces of manner and a charm of mind that went a long way, by complementing them, to make their joint powers complete and effectual. Mrs. Palmer had foresight, clear vision and with her husband her counsel was potent. Far in advance of its present development she saw the future of the great north division of the city, and in this glimpse of futurity lay the tremendous and permanent increase of the Palmer fortune.

She was a beautiful woman, with the calm air and gracious bearing of a Marquise of old France. I never can forget the fascination that looked out from the splendid full length portrait of her painted by Healy in the eighteen seventies. Supremacy in every thing she touched seemed to come to her unasked. She was more than a local figure, she was known everywhere and everywhere admired. In Europe she came nearer to being accepted on equal terms in patrician circles, than any

Mrs. Potter Palmer.

other Chicago woman. Had she chosen to remain abroad, she might have been a figure in the old capitals. Her sister Ida married General Grant's son Frederick, and his sister Nellie married Captain Algernon Sartoris, a member of one of the old county families of England. Ida Grant's daughter Julia married Prince Cantacuzene. These marriages were not made by contrivance nor in pursuit of any ambition to climb. They gave Mrs. Palmer, as a matter of course, entrance to the best houses in the old country. But after Potter Palmer's death the care of a great estate, and her sincere love for her own country and her own city, brought her home for a part of every year; and finally, to remain. She was completing a fine estate in Florida when she was called away on May 5, 1918, just a month to a day after Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor died.

Mrs. Palmer's distinction was, that of all the women of Chicago who were widely known elsewhere, she was the only one who in a commanding way concerned herself with social life. When she died, something large, something eminent and worthy went out, and left vacant a place that has not yet been filled and is not likely to be for a long time. Another grand dame may come, but never another whose life had been so closely knit into the life of her city, during a period so significant.

In the course of an appreciative story of Mrs. Palmer's life The Evening Post of New York says: "Her reign synchronized with the career of another Chicago woman, unlike her in everything but prominence. What the 'first lady' was to an undefined realm that included social functions on the one hand and the presidency of the board of lady managers of the Columbian exposition on the other, Frances E. Willard was to a very definite movement of which we are just now seeing the final strokes. It is doubtful if any other of our cities can boast in their history of three women contemporaries, so diverse, so

widely known, so influential, as Mrs. Palmer, Miss Willard and Jane Addams.

"The customary sneer at the cultural pretensions, or indifference, of the city by the lake fades on the lips at the picture of this unique group. Each fitted into the niche that she made for herself. Each commanded the respect, not only of her numerous entourage, using the word in a rather wide sense, but also of the general public. Each achieved a triumph sometimes thought to be difficult, the triumph of being a lady and a woman at the same time. In their various ways they have left their impress upon their age, an impress not exceeded by that of any politician or captain of industry of their era and locale."

There needs no herald to proclaim the sturdy labors of Miss Addams, nor the high intent with which they were and are being performed. The name of Miss Addams and the fame of her exploits are borne abroad upon the winds of all the world. Later time will do a fuller justice, concede a higher merit to her career, than could be expected from her contemporaries. She stands within the meaning of the axiom that perspective is necessary to define the relativity of greatness.

In the beginning of these records I referred briefly to the talents of my sisters Ida and Marian, both of whom have contributed much to artistic endeavor and to the higher things of life. Both have benefited not only by instruction from American teachers of note in various branches of art but those of London, Paris, Berlin and Munich.

Marian (Mrs. Walter Everett Carr) among other things did creditable portrait work especially under the instruction of William T. Dannat in Paris. Since her marriage she has not worked professionally although had she chosen to do so she might have taken a place among the best of our artists.

Ida Morgan Palmer.

Ida Morgan Palmer continued her artistic endeavors with intervals of interruption up to the time of her death in 1916. The last years of her life were chiefly devoted to artistic photographic portraiture in which art she excelled. When William B. Dyer left Chicago he chose Mrs. Palmer to continue the work in his Studios in the Fine Arts Building, which she did until failing health caused her retirement. However much she gave to the beauty of life in material things she contributed more to the spiritual side and found her highest joy in intercourse with her family and her friends. She was actuated in everything she did by a desire to contribute to the comfort and happiness of others and one rarely came in contact with her without being benefited in some way as hundreds of letters testified at the time of her going away. She left her sisters and her numerous friends a rich legacy of devoted ministration and love.

Chapter Nineteen

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON has excelled his own writings with his cartoons, yet his writings, taken by themselves, would have made a distinguished place for him. He is one of the newspaper cartoon makers whose cartoons are quick and penetrating editorials. His fertility is amazing, his power of satire, his depth of feeling, his broad sympathy, are without equal in that field. Take three pictures for example; the complete expression of world sorrow when the great pope died—a picture of the world itself draped with a mourning band, not a word added; the expression of puzzled surprise when for the first time Missouri went Republican—all the southern states lined up and trying to identify "The

Mysterious Stranger" who had joined them; and the tremendous appeal to the United States for haste, in the picture of France and England with their shoulders against the door the German Emperor was trying to push open. This last appeared in the Chicago Tribune late in April 1918, when the German drive that had begun in March was so dangerously near to wearing down the French and British lines between Amiens and Ypres. McCutcheon is a world figure. During the war he has become one of the biggest men in Chicago, the one whose daily effort has counted more for righteousness than the work of any dozen others. He is so big that to say this does not in any degree belittle any one else.

Bert Leston Taylor might and does thread his way through the throngs of the busiest streets in the loop, brushing and being brushed by the multitudinous rank scented many, unnoticed, unknowing and unknown—a mild looking man, a little (at least a very little) past middle life. The sort of man you see in prosperous commercial affairs, responding to no idea of literary type. In that regard he is very like other newspaper people, who in turn are very like all other people, provided the other people are decent. Yet his name is known wherever English is spoken, or at any rate his initials are: "B. L. T." Inside himself and to himself he is an inclusive, initiatory and final authority in the science of golf. In the world he is one of the cleverest if not the most clever of all those men who are known as column conductors, the men who write in short paragraphs those things which give sharp illumination to passing events. He has a strange gift of satire. His column on the editorial page of The Chicago Tribune is quoted more widely than any other column of its kind. A good many of his admirers wonder how on earth he does continue to keep it up from day to day without deterioration. The answer is easy. He is a shrewd

John T. McCutcheon.

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editor. By inviting contributions, and by setting up a sort of competition among contributors in an effort to "make the line," and by their natural growth in numbers, he is in receipt of daily mail enough to fill a half dozen of such columns. That is to say, he long ago devised a scheme by which a great many outsiders went to work for him. He has thus reduced his labor to the pleasant task of sorting his correspondence, picking out the best ideas, scrapping all the rest, and writing enough of his own stuff to let the whole tribe of them know who is boss. I do not state it as a fact of my own knowledge, but I have been told by newspaper friends that Eugene Field was the first to set up this Tom Sawyer system, but B. L. T. is certainly the first to have put it into full operation, and he has no rival.

Robert B. Peattie has worked in the Chicago Tribune office with B. L. T. these many years; and being himself of a somewhat caustic though a kindly mind has had his little tiffs and turns with that illustrious colleague. Bob, as he is known by all who care for him and for whom he cares, began his newspaper career in the late eighteen seventies on the Chicago Times, which then was the greatest newspaper published between Sandy Hook and San Francisco. Later on he was on the News with his close friend Eugene Field. In the early eighteen eighties he had a call to a better salary in Omaha where, for eight years, he was editor of the Omaha World-Herald. He returned to Chicago to follow various newspaper occupations which were subseqently extended to New York, though Chicago has remained his home, and here his family has grown up. Before he went to Omaha he was married to Miss Elia Wilkinson with whom he had been in love ever since their first meeting in Judge Kohlsaat's Sunday School on the West Side when they were little more than children. From the beginning Robert was watchful of her tendencies in thought, her girlish ambi-

tions, her taste in all things, and began a practice he has kept up ever since, of listening and suggesting, of bringing her books and all that. They complimented each other in mentality, character and sympathies, and were in perfect understanding—a rare thing under the sun.

Mrs. Peattie has become one of the foremost American reviewers. It is a near axiom that excellence in criticism, that is in analysis, shuts out its possessor from the creative power. Mrs. Peattie offers a contradiction to that opinion. If she had not taken upon herself the onerous duties of a book reviewer for one of the leading newspapers in all the English speaking world, there is no guessing how far she might have gone as a writer of splendid fiction; she has the gift of imagination, she has knowledge acquired partly by experience and observation, partly intuitive that gave her stories a singular quality of truth. Perhaps her most important book is "The Precipice," published by Houghton Mifflin and Co. and which has many qualities of permanent value. It is to be regretted that she has not been able to give more of herself to sustained narrative. She has sat at a work bench, so to speak, turning out stuff for the passing hour, while others, men and women of vastly less endowment, have gone afield and found renown and fortune in more free and wider forms of expression. But if she has not attained to full measure in her literary endeavors it has been compensated for in the fullness of life which she has enjoyed in other avenues, the joy which she has experienced in coming in contact with the many and varied types of people whom she has met in the course of many lectures which she has given, and of the many lasting friendships formed. She has been the recipient of hundreds of letters and gifts from many whom she has never met not only from the higher planes of society but from the poor, the needy and the unpopular. These things have given her the

realization of the highest living to which she chiefly aspires and in which she finds the richest rewards.

A unique experience in Mrs. Peattie's literary career was a practical joke which she perpetrated on Margaret Anderson of The Little Review. Under the pseudonym of Sade Iverson she sent to the magazine several Imagist poems, chief of which was called "The Little Milliner." Miss Anderson was completely mystified; she ascribed the writing of them to Amy Lowell, Mary Aldis, and other Imagist writers. I had the fun of divulging the secret to an audience to whom I was then presenting a list of Imagist writers. The information created much surprise and amusement.

In personal consideration I hold Elia Peattie and her husband Robert in warm affection. Their life together, in their home and their family were all that a home and family could be. I am sorry to have to employ the past tense there, but their children have grown up. Ned the eldest son is in business in New York, Rod is serving his country in France, and Don the youngest is engaged in literary work. Their daughter Bab (a brilliant and lovable girl) has passed to a better place than this, and the call of new duties to the public has drawn Robert and Elia to New York.

In the line of fictional literature, the one Chicago woman who has made a distinct impression on the mind of the nation is Edna Ferber. It was Miss Ferber's good fortune, a gift maybe from one of those fairy godmothers about whom we used to hear so much, to be born with a very kindly nature, and to have developed a habit of observation. Very little goes by without her having seen it, and back of whatever she sees she finds a reason. It is this combination of sympathy and understanding that has enabled her to tell true stories of contemporaneous life, especially that part of it which is concerned with commercial pursuits. Miss Ferber is a

Michigan girl. By some trend of happenings of which I am unaware she found herself at Appleton, Wisconsin, a reporter on The Daily Crescent of that town. Afterward she was on the Milwaukee Journal, an evening paper, and from the Journal she came to Chicago and took a place on The Tribune. Miss Ferber's mother was a business woman, and from her experience Miss Ferber drew a good groundwork of knowledge of commercial things. Her newspaper employment gave her the best sort of opportunity for widening that knowledge. The result was a series of short stories that came slowly at first, but found a ready market in eastern magazines. A number of these stories were brought together in book form and so became permanent additions to the great American Library. Everybody recalls the McChesney stories, a running account of the experiences of Emma McChesney, a travelling saleswoman, that had the merit of a new point of view and disclosed a new line of character. Other writers in these later days made haste to grab the idea, with the result that current ephemeral fiction sparkles all over with Emma McChesneys, most of whom are Jewish ladies, but none of whom are quite as much alive as the original. Then there were "Dawn O'Hara," "Buttered Side Down," "Roast Beef Medium," "The Man Who Came Back," and a whole series of character studies, delightfully carried out. Miss Ferber is a busy woman now as always. Her latest book, "Sally Herself," was published in 1917. I congratulate myself upon her being my friend. Her face is one of the many that was always welcome to my Studios, even as her social qualities and the charm of her mentality fit so well with the others time has so graciously brought around me.

Miss Ferber's name suggests another, not by any reason of personal association, but because the owner of the other one is also a Chicago woman, a copious

writer of descriptive narrative, I mean Maude Radford Warren. Mrs. Warren refutes the idea that an academic education and instructorship are handicaps to a popular writer. She has won two degrees from the University of Chicago and has been associated with it both as an instructor of English and as one of those unseen guides of the university extension course. Mrs. Warren's fiction is touched with satire and reveals her predeliction for the repertorial method. She may indeed be best described as a sublimated reporter, and in the pursuit of her work and as a representative of a number of the liveliest periodicals of the country, she has visited many of the out-of-the-way places as well as scenes where news is thickest. She has been to France and England several times during the process of the war and is now there engaged both in canteen work and in writing. The title and chevrons of an honorary corporal has been given Mrs. Warren recently for her services at the front.

Madeline Yale Wynne though she came to Chicago from the east, made herself very much a part of us all. As has been stated elsewhere her curious psychological title "The Little Room," the story of a room which was sometimes invisible and sometimes visible gave the name to The Little Room that intimate and inimitable group of artistic workers which not long ago celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in Ralph Clarkson's Studio.

Mrs. Wynne had a bewitching personality, and hardly needed her skill as a writer, a worker in the fine metals, a painter and mural decorator, a violinist and general artisan, to recommend her. She was a great encourager of others and liked persons of many sorts and dwellers in many lands, she held old age at bay with a bright gallantry and went out of view with inevitable swiftness, leaving behind her the feeling that in her death as in her life, she was victorious over circumstances.

At this point I find myself somewhat in the position of Longfellow toward the end of his protracted contemplation of that bridge: "I see the long procession still passing to and fro." Such a swarm of names has entered into and passed out of my field of view, that to enumerate or describe them here would stretch this book out to the crack of the printer's patience. Please remember, this is not a history of Chicago nor a descriptive human catalogue. I am trying to let you know something about the men and women whom I know or have known, who have done things sufficiently good and sufficiently high to give them places among the most significant influences in the development of the arts and of literature in this part of the world; and especially those with whom my own work has brought me in touch. But I cannot close this part of my story without paying tribute to the admirable and forceful patriotism of Mrs. Jacob Baur, sometimes my pupil and associate, always my cherished friend. Next after her warm and generous qualities of heart and mind comes her extraordinary executive ability, her power of organization, her way of grasping the essentials of any undertaking and dealing with them unerringly, while she sees to it that details are in competent hands. I think her strength might be described as lying in the power of coördination. She has given many an illustration of this power in very large affairs, some civic, some governmental, some social. But to my mind she never did anything better nor with more success than her part in floating the vast internal loans to the government for the purposes of war. To tell how she did this war work, what a prodigious work it was, and yet with what ease she seemed to get through with it, would fill a book. And I am sure it would be a very good book, which certainly would be interesting and informative. In my humble opinion the town does not yet, nor may not until time provides a per-

Mrs. Jacob Baur.

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Jessie Harding.

spective, realize either the value or the splendor of Mrs. Baur's service, freely given to our nation. This exaltation of Mrs. Baur has not been written with any lack of appreciation of the splendid work done by other women along similar lines.

The same patriotic zeal manifested in Mrs. Baur may be justly accredited to Miss Jessie Harding, who in a different field and in another way has demonstrated her love of country and her loyalty to its cause. Among her activities has been the reading of "The Man Without a Country" to over two hundred audiences, with musical accompaniment arranged by Mrs. Annette R. Jones and played by Miss Priscilla Carver. Miss Harding has been associated with me since 1898, first as pupil then as assistant and associate teacher. Of the thousands of students who have come to me for instruction Miss Harding stands pre-eminently the best instructor of the speaking voice among them all. Quiet and unobtrusive in speech and manner, she carries with her a poise and a gentle authority as refreshing as it is effective in character building. To her I owe a debt of gratitude which can neither be measured nor recompensed.

Chapter Twenty

HARRIET MONROE is the high priestess of a cult that has the incomparable virtue of taking itself seriously. In the early nineties Miss Monroe was for three or four years a member of my staff of teachers. At that time Ibsen was at the height of general discussion. Bernard Shaw had just begun to excite the human race by stinging it incessantly. Percy Mackaye was promoting himself as the son of his father. Stephen Phillips had

burgeoned forth with: "Herod," and brief notes of rebellion against the established form of poetry and the other arts were making themselves heard, though as afar. Miss Monroe was predisposed to recusance in them, but her knowledge of English literature and of all the more eccentric poets qualified her as a talker on those subjects, and I engaged her to deliver a lecture to my pupils once a week. Toward the end of that term the notes of rebellion above referred to had drawn quite near; in fact, the rebellion had broken out. Miss Monroe evolved the idea of a magazine which should give printed utterance to its wails and its mutterings. She had no difficulty in securing the necessary financial backing, and her magazine became an actuality. It has been going on ever since. Its name is "Poetry, A Magazine of Verse," and its annual subscription price is two dollars. It is the recognized organ or arbiter of that widespread movement against conventional forms; the conservative consider the animating principle to be "Whatever becomes Intelligible ceases to be Art." At any rate, its career has been a noble and consistent advocacy of the purpose behind those words. With few exceptions Poetry has received such recognition abroad as few American publications can boast of.

To Miss Monroe and her magazine must be accredited the discovery of Tagore and Vachel Lindsay. Mr. Lindsay's "General Booth Enters Heaven" first appeared in Poetry Magazine, and made a stunning and well-deserved impression. It would be stretching definition too far to call it a poem; but it certainly was and is what the judicious outside the inner circle would call "big stuff." It had a pounding ring, a panoply, a sustained sonority that its author has not followed up in any of his later attempts.

The discovery of Lindsay gave the magazine fresh impetus. Another such impulse might have been given it if William Marion Reedy had not beaten Miss Monroe

to Edgar Lee Masters' "Anthology of Spoon River." But she has had other contributions from Mr. Masters, as well as from Amy Lowell, Charles G. Blanden (John Rhudlau) and a long line of less renowned though equally incoherent fabricators of verse—free, whorl, inconvertible, and of many or of any other formless style that may lack reason, but must lack rhyme. William Butler Yeats and Ezra Pound have also contributed. It is possible that the rebellion touched its highest point in Mr. Pound's invention of verse that reads just as well from the bottom up as it does from the top down.

As a curiosity of literature so called, Poetry is invaluable to those who have been accustomed to the staid and formal institutions with which our forefathers were content, knowing no better. Its wake is wrinkled with smiles, and these would be succeeded by sad lappings should its voyage end in foundering.

The memory of Miss Monroe even in case of that catastrophe would outlive the memory of the magazine, because in her earlier life she wrote things that have their place in modern literature—a volume of poems which contains her "Ode to Shelly." Her "Ode to Columbia," celebrating the opening of the World's Columbian Exposition, stands out prominently as a feature in any retrospect of that great day and that great show. It is found in the anthologies, and deserves a place there. Critics of sound judgment accepted it with full approbation as falling within the best rules, and embodying with dignity and yet with fervor the spirit and significance of the occasion that evoked it.

Alice Corbin Henderson has been a most efficient co-editor with Miss Monroe from the earliest days of Poetry Magazine. Mrs. Henderson has written many poems but she will be more readily identified as author of the prose comment, critical and otherwise in that publication. She has a good style in writing and must be

complimented for consectivity in her treatment of any subject she takes up. She has been a frequent contributor to other periodicals. A few years ago Mrs. Henderson wrote "Adam's Dream" and two other mystery plays for children which were published by Scribner.

Eunice Tietjens has also been an associate editor with Miss Monroe. Not very long ago Ralph Fletcher Seymour brought out a little book of poems by Mrs. Tietjens, called "Profiles from China," a piece of work good enough to move Llewellyn Jones to call it, "a serious and penetrating study, true both to the inexplicable beauty and the magic desolation of all human life." And William Marion Reedy (of Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis) read it through and made this pertinent comment: "She makes you hate the east." Mrs. Tietjens has been a frequent contributor to Poetry and other publications.

Henry B. Fuller came unheralded into public notice with the appearance of his book, "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," which won immediate recognition and placed him as the best stylist not only among our Chicago writers, but one of the few choice writers of English. His naturally retiring disposition had made him almost as much of a stranger as though he had not been born in Chicago, and there was so much of a cosmopolitan flavor in his writing that the east was loath to believe that he could be accredited to a city chiefly noted for its sky-scrapers and its packing interests, and with this single credential command recognition as a writer of genuine literature.

This claim he has confirmed in "The Chatelaine of La Trinite," "The Cliff Dwellers," "With the Procession," "The Puppet Booth," "From the Other Side," "The Last Refuge," "Under the Skylight," "Waldo Trench," "Lines Long and Short," "On the Stairs," and "Bertram Cope."

Mr. Fuller's friends and critics have accused him of being severe and perhaps unfair in his expressed reflections upon the crudity of our city in its evolutionary development. We will at least credit him with being sincere in his recorded impressions.

I once read a book by Harold Frederic in which occurred a character described as a cross between a hermit and a canon regular. Sometimes in considering this friend of mine the description seems to me to fit him, save for the ecclesiastical limitation employed. And even that might be allowed, for if he is distinguished by any one trait more than another, that trait would be a lofty and contemplative purity of mind. Hermit he is, as nearly as anyone could be whose lot in life has fallen in noisy places. Those who know him superficially might think him more critical than sympathetic, and in their thoughts confer upon him the character of one who shrinks within himself. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Those friends he has and their adoption tried find him sweet as summer. He may be anomalous, for he is of the world, yet not in it. His genius is creative. He has no need to search the gates and alleys of life in order that he may know who and what they are that go about the world so busily, yet in themselves mean so little. His thought and his work are placed upon a level high above the throng. His perceptions have to do with essentials, and his manner of expressing them is perfect. There is no writer extant whose understanding of the human spirit and the human character is more sympathetic or more true. His knowledge of character is so wide that it includes the saving element of humor; but his artistry withholds him from the overuse of that element. His way of life is modest, almost seclusive, quiet. Popularity and the social muniments that inhere in it are repellant to his nature. I doubt whether there is anyone who lives more strictly

the intellectual life. His joy is in his work, and his works are in the world to stay.

William Vaughn Moody, who was called away all too soon, left behind him a body of work the value of which is recognized everywhere. His abilities were various. He is becoming recognized in those more cosmopolitan European centers where Arts and Letters are more definitely appreciated, as the most important modern poet in America. The public knew him best by his plays "The Great Divide" and "The Faith Healer." But he wrote a great deal of verse, and one piece that is already in the Anthologies and is likely to stay—The Fire-Bringer. Who knows what splendid possibilities were blotted out when he was called across the Great Divide.

When I first came to Chicago Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason held high place among the writers living here. It is a happy thing to be able to say that now, after a considerable number of yesterdays, the beauty of her thought and the grace of its expression still command admiring attention. Her writings, especially her books on the Women of the French Salon, the Women of the Golden Age, are human documents, wisely informative, and are valuable contributions to a fine form of literature. To me they might be symbolized by a broadly cut cameo, well balanced in design and exquisitely finished.

It has been my good fortune to meet Mrs. Mason many times a year at the meetings in the Little Room. Perhaps I may convey to others the best and most fitting impression if I say that to me she typifies the aristocrat as our best traditions preserve that type.

Chapter Twenty-one

IT is just as well that the multitudinous personality known as the man in the street is not always aware of those with whom he brushes elbows. If he were his complacency would be disturbed and his comfort forgotten many times a day. This thought was brought home only the other day when I saw men and boys and a few women who in the nature of things must have had occupation of one kind or another, streaming in a great flock, first across the street, then down the street, then gathering in and milling around before the door of an hotel, then flocking off again down the street, then around a corner, all the time being joined by other men and boys and women, and all of them jostling and looking in the same direction. A little, a very little in advance, walked a heavily built fellow with his hat off. Inquiry disclosed the reason for all this. The hatless one was William S. Hart. The man in the street had suddenly discovered that he had brushed elbows with the man of the screen.

Now, there are many men and some women here of local, national, even international renown (more or less), all of whom stand for more substantial things than any film star could ever hope for, since the film star's best performance is only a shadow, having but two dimensions, and totally lacking the spirit of life that can flow into expression only by the use of words; whereas the others, having unparaded faces, but brain enough to serve superior minds in uttering things worth while (more or less), rub elbows freely every day with the multitudinous many, who in all liklihood never had a thought worth

while, and whose vocabulary in average would not exceed eight hundred words.

Edgar Lee Masters lives in Chicago and makes his honest living in the practice of law. To save your life you could not tell, to look at him, that he made his living or lived his life in any way essentially different from the way of the man in the street. Yet Edgar Lee Masters, stepping over the stile of his own field, has roamed abroad over the sweet plains of poesy, culling nothing, but planting much. It is true that none of his planting has had time to burgeon, even to flower in full, so that nobody as yet can tell what it is really, or is going to be. Thus an active curiosity has buzzed his name into the winds that gently ventilate inquiring minds; and thus his poesy has been much circulated and is much discussed. The one certainty attached to Mr. Masters and his output is that he wrote "The Anthology of Spoon River"—and that "The Anthology of Spoon River" is long. In saying all this I am stating a general view. In my own opinion "Spoon River," taken either in its entirety or by isolated details, is a remarkable production, first for its general plan, next for its power to impress; and finally for the mere humanity, the pure poetic feeling and expression that animate some of its parts. It might be described as a village Iliad, so true that with a change in nomenclature might have been the anthology of a village anywhere. That is to say, it has one trait that appears in all the great poems of all time, so far as we know the history of poetry—the trait of universality. No trait is higher nor any so rare. Mr. Masters has written many other poems, but in "Spoon River" he may be credited with having touched the level of Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," though in form and style it is larger, more diffuse, and lacks the sustained beauty of that sweetly, wistfully memorable revery.

I am happy in saying that the circle of my friendships

include not only Mr. Masters but many another of those who live here and who have distinguished themselves in letters. Take for example Hamlin Garland, who is widely recognized as a writer of histories of emigrant and pioneer life, filled with local color. He began his literary career in Boston, where he published "Main Traveled Roads." This story of frontier life in Wisconsin best illustrates Mr. Garland as a chronicler of desolate life on the prairie and as a sympathetic delineator of primitive types. In his next volume, entitled "Crumbling Idols" he demolished Shakespeare and all the other gods and Ikons, downing all established conventions. Having written himself out in that line he came into the fine atmosphere of the middle west with Chicago as a focus, where he married Zuleme Taft, the sister of his friend Lorado Taft, wore evening clothes (which up to that time he had stubbornly refused to do), and returned to his stories of the frontier. A few years ago he took up his residence in New York. His last book, "A Son of the Middle Border" published in 1917, is his autobiography. Mr. Garland has been made a member of the Academy of Arts and Letters.

It is right and proper to state that Chicago is indebted to Mr. Garland for having founded The Cliff Dwellers, the leading organization for artistic men.

One of the most popular forms of native fiction is that which concerns itself with the cattleman. And the cattleman of fiction is mythical; yet he persists and swaggers across the page and across the screen, picturesque and utterly untrue.

Two writers, and only two, have given us the range and the cattleman with fidelity,—Emerson Hough and Harry Leon Wilson. Wilson's work is openly fictitious; Hough's is historic, and for this reason it is the better. It preserves for these and later days a faithful record

of a period that was at once prosaic and fruitful in romance.

The best of Mr. Hough's writings have come within the last fifteen years. During those years the prairie provinces of Canada have been opened to occupation. In southern Saskatchewan and Alberta across the line from the old ranges of Montana the cattle interest became active, the life of our own early west was acted over again. Mr. Hough's personal knowledge of changing conditions governing the life on the prairies from Mexico on the south to the Arctic circle on the north, is wider than that of any other man. This accounts for the straightforward and convincing quality of his stories. In none of them will you find the shop-wearing, whooping, six-gun creature who rollics, and roars and makes a nuisance of himself in the typical cowboy story; nor will you read any of the hyperbolic, weirdly metaphoric language in which the cowboy is suffered to express himself. Mr. Hough is a man of the world and has a happy way of making his readers see what he himself sees. The list of his books is long. It includes several that deal with economics and with events that had a bearing on the development of North American history. If I were asked how to class him I would be at a loss for to me he constitutes a class of his own.

He himself takes most seriously his historical fiction—"The Mississippi Bubble," "54-40 or Fight," "The Magnificent Adventure." He believes (and acts upon this belief) that our history is as interesting and as rich in the dramatic, as that of any other country, in any other age.

S. E. Kiser has a peculiar understanding of the modes of thought and living that prevail among the great majority of the people in the northern states. As I have said in another connection these people constitute the bulk of our solid body of common sense, especially in

the states that are called the middle west, but should be called the north central. He loomed large and first in the Cleveland Leader about twenty years ago. The "Little Georgie" of his feature work in that paper was a perfect example of all that characterizes the growing boy whom all of us know so well. He was a shrewd little chap full of enterprise, some of it mischievous; and unconsciously keen in judging his elders. His success there brought him an offer from the Chicago Herald, and in that paper he became a national character. Mr. Kiser is a poet, almost kaleidoscopic in his manner of changing the lights, from the homely or grotesque to those that sometimes touch points almost sublime. He is the most kindly humorist that ever found expression through an American daily paper. To say that is not to derogate Eugene Field, because Gene, while usually kind, sometimes was vitriolic. Mr. Kiser has issued several books. One of them "Sonnets of An Office Boy," a collection of a series that appeared in the Herald had instant vogue and still is selling. Any man who ever had an office boy or ever had been one himself took to it with avidity, it was so true. I always have had an idea that he might have made a novelist, had fortune favored him with any leisure. Fortune never did. He is a hard working Journalist. His present engagement is with The Times of Dayton, Ohio. If ever he knew any one who did not become his friend I have yet to hear of it. He is not a rounder, but these many friends he has, find him companionable in all the best meanings of the word.

Not because they have many resemblances in common, but because their newspaper popularity coincided here in Chicago, Kiser and Wilbur D. Nesbit are thought of together. That is the name of one always suggests the name of the other. Nesbit's gifts were more definitely poetic in their direction than Kiser's

were. His tendency was toward satire, though his satire was adroit, not biting. He had a quick eye for character and perhaps was at his best in letting character display itself rather than by disclosing it. One of the funniest things he ever gave out was a recitation of "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" with parenthetic instructions for action and business accompanying the words. From time to time he has made collections of his verses in book form and they have sold remarkably well.

Nesbit is peculiarly differentiated from the general run of writers, in that he has a strong instinct for things commercial. He has been paid more money for writing advertisements, than most poets can lay hands upon in a life time. A few years ago he abandoned literature as such for that more profitable field. He is at the head of a successful advertising house, I think President of the Advertisers Association. He recently contributed to the mass of war poems, "Your Flag and My Flag" which has sold by the million copies.

It was my pleasure to have Frank H. Spearman and his son under my tutelage at one time. Mr. Spearman first came into public notice as a writer of railway stories. He familiarized himself with railway conditions as they affected the lives and distilled the characters of the men who actually operate railways. His studies of these men included all grades, from section hands up to general superintendents. His stories of railway operations and railway men are the most vivid and the truest ever produced by any American writer. They brought him into international reputation. Among his books are "The Nerve of Foley" in 1900, "Held for Orders" in 1901, "Whispering Smith" in 1906, and "Nan of Music Mountain" in 1916.

Wallace Rice is an unusual personality. He is academic. He has read widely and germinated a set of

opinions that he holds with firm rigidity. But he has two entirely human gifts; swift and withering retort, and a sense of humor that is both warm and deep. He is a Harvard man and was educated in the law, but he switched abruptly into newspaper work and became a first rate feature writer. While he was on the city staff of The Chicago Herald, there came along a certain Professor Garner who had spent some years in the wild parts of Africa getting acquainted with monkeys and satisfying himself that they had a language of their own. In exploitation of this discovery Professor Garner had elaborated a lecture and travelled through the country delivering it and being interviewed. The evening of his arrival in Chicago, one of the boys came back to the office about eleven o'clock and the man on the city desk asked him where in blazes he had been.

"Been interviewing Professor Garner" said the reporter.

"Who the blazes is he?"

"He's the man who says monkeys can talk."

Mildly inquired Wallace Rice, "Could he understand you?"

I. K. Friedman was intended for the law, but found his medium of expression in sociological work, first in the newspapers, then in books, then back again into the newspapers in which he has devloped strength enough to make his return to the book field a matter of doubt. In the later eighteen hundreds and the earlier nineteen hundreds he issued three books of fictional narrative which commanded immediate public attention and had a pretty good vogue during the time that covered things as he saw them, and the coming of other things that crowded those things out. Perhaps the best known of them was a collection of short stories with the title "The Lucky Number." William Dean Howells was pleased to say it was the best

first book by any new author he ever had read. The other two were "Poor People" and "By Bread Alone."

Edith Wyatt has been abundant in ideas and is herself so sound a critic of her own work that she has put only her best into her books. Of all those writers whom I personally know, she comes nearest, in a combination of charm, solidity, and what I might call the masculine quality of thought, to that other Edith, who lives in New England and inherited the name of Wharton. I can say this in an honest desire to convey an honest compliment—not to institute a strict comparison.

Robert Herrick belongs to the quadrangle group of the University of Chicago but has mixed with the residents of the desolate plains which stretch away from those scholastic walls and support a race, a population, whose only commendation to any notice by the truly superior lies in the bald and indifferent fact of their being human, at least in part. Mr. Herrick has written several books descriptive of social life among these homuncules, which the creatures themselves have thankfully read, yea, even they that dwell and subsist within the farther rims of those plains which they as aforesaid have inherited for a dwelling place. Some of these books have descended upon those that dwell in happier lands beyond the seas, who understood the words that he has written, and received them even as manna. "Let your light so shine that men shall see your good works and glorify," and so forth. At times he rises to heights far above these plains, and produces a masterpiece like his short and poignant story, "The Master of the Inn."

Will Payne is a writer of contemporaneous life, financial stories of deals in corporations. All his works are marked by a human and tender quality. I think it would be almost a derogation to call him a stylist, especially if the word were to be taken in its usual meaning. He is better than that. He is a man whose ideas are always

good, always luminous, and whose manner of expression is limpid. No man writes better English.

Henry Kitchell Webster is best known to me as one of The Little Room group, and I have to confess a slighter acquaintance with his books than with those of his immediate contemporaries and fellow members. But I am inclined to give his story of "The Great Adventure" a pretty high place—and I know it has been accorded wide and warm approval by those whose judgment is better than my own. He is a young man with his best work before him.

Edgar Rice Burroughs is a young man, who made a splendid beginning with a totally impossible but singularly absorbing story called "Tarzan of the Apes." Tarzan was a success so immediate and so strong that he has followed it up with other Tarzan stories, thereby incurring a danger inherent in any theme that is overworked. When he gets Tarzan completely out of his system and goes back to his original fountain of invention, he will probably bring thence much more that will be equally refreshing with the Tarzan of his first appearance.

When Mary Hastings Bradley was graduated from Smith College she had made up her mind to become an author and to found her first book upon Anne Boleyn. She accordingly went to England and made special preparation for the work, which was published in 1912, under the title "The Favor of Kings." In 1914 she published "The Palace of Darkened Windows," and "The Splendid Chance" in 1915. She has contributed many stories to Harpers and other magazines, and is among our younger successful Chicago writers.

Another among our younger writers is Anne Higginson Spicer who published only last year through the house of Ralph Fletcher Seymour a book called "Songs from the Skokie and Other Verse." For the benefit of

those who may not know it let me say that Skokie is the Indian name for a marshy piece of country lying back of the ridge that runs north from Evanston and parallels Lake Michigan. The volume contains among other things a group of short poems called Real People, among which is one addressed to Alan Seeger, the lamented poet of the Foreign Legion who died in a charge at Belloy-en Santerre July 4, 1916, and whose name is immortalized by his poem, "A Rendezvous with Death."

Alan Seeger.

Soldier, you kept your rendezvous with death
Bravely at that disputed barricade,
Poet, you met the terror undismayed,
Unconquered by the fear that conquereth,
In the chill hour when all else vanisheth
Your gleaming flower of courage did not fade
A singing warrior, valiant, unafraid,
You cheered your comrades with your waning breath.
The soul that claimed all earthly beauty knew
That death thus met was part of beauty too.
And though your path inevitably led
Where laurelled vistas let the sunshine through,
Yet future lads shall march with surer tread
Because you did not fail your rendezvous.

After the taking of Jerusalem by the English Mrs. Spicer wrote a stirring poem called "The Last Crusade," which seems to me to be her best effort up to the present time.

Miss Julia Cooley is probably the youngest of all the literary women of Chicago. She has done enough to command attention, even more, considerable admiration for some of her performances. Lewellyn Jones a man whose judgment must command respect and whose prophecies of the future of new writers has never yet

failed of fulfillment looks to Miss Cooley's talent for brilliant fruition, a prophecy all of us hail with hope. Her first pubished volume bears the title, "Poems of a Child." Richard Le Gallienne wrote the introduction and Harpers published it.

Chapter Twenty-two

IN EVERY city of the first class and in many a country town there is sure to be a number of people who think they have a message to be delivered or a purpose to be wrought out. By some strange quirk of fate the idea of a magazine seems to strike these people as the one presenting widest possibilities for their propaganda—or whatever it may be they have or think they have in view. This common error accounts at once for the extraordinary number of periodicals, publications that flicker in and flicker out from year to year, like a recurring rash, all over the country.

Chicago has had its full share of these pinwheel prints —on full consideration, more than its share. Only a few are worth remembering. Of those few still fewer remain; the rest are like the dear dead days now gone beyond recall.

President Van Buren declared a land district with its offices at Chicago in 1836, when the town was a sprawling village on the edge of a marsh. Seven years later, in 1843, the village literati burst into view with the first local magazine. Considering the infantile stage through which the town was living, it was happily called "The Youth's Gazette." The next year, 1844, "The Gem of the Prairie" made its appearance. "The Gem of the Prairie" persists unto this day, in The Sunday Tribune.

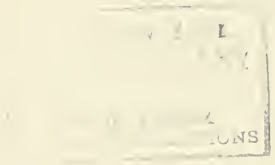
It was absorbed by The Tribune as a Sunday edition in 1854. When "The Youth's Gazette" had expired of inanition, there came another sweet young thing called "The Youth's Western Banner." Chicago may without fear claim priority in juvenile periodicals, for after these two, in 1865, came "The Little Corporal," antedating "St. Nicholas" by ten years.

"The Little Corporal" was more than a fad. It must have been good, for it jumped to a circulation of over one hundred thousand in its first year. Between "The Youth's Western Banner" and "The Little Corporal" "The Western Magazine" came in and went out; so did "The Literary Budget" and "The Chicago Record." The first serious literary magazine followed close upon the heels of "The Little Corporal." It was called "The Northwestern Quarterly Magazine." I am glad to be able to say "The Northwestern Quarterly" took a place at once among the best American literary magazines. A contemporaneous critic said that its first number was "the best first number of any magazine published in this country." That splendid line established itself as a permanent locution in critical notices of first numbers of pretty much all the magazines and most of the books that have been produced since then. Whether or not the locution expressed a truth signifies nothing. It never misled anyone nor did any harm; and it has warmed the hearts of hundreds of editors and of editors' angels, at junctures when a little warmth was needed.

James Grant Wilson was the editor of "The Northwestern," a man of force, who had a well-formed style in writing, most excellent judgment in the selection of material, and good taste in typography.

The next man of whom the same thing can be said truthfully was Francis Fisher Browne, who founded and edited "The Lakeside Monthly in 1870." He was the first real editor of a real magazine in this real old town.

Faithfully yours
Anna Morgan
1918



"The Lakeside" suspended in 1874. Mr. Browne became managing editor of "The Alliance," a periodical that had been founded a year before by Prof. David Swing, the Rev. Robert Collyer, the Rev. Hiram W. Thomas and a few others. "The Alliance" was a powerful promoter of independent religious thinking, a leader in the movement stirred up by those men and others like them who had wearied of submediæval Christianity. It ran until 1882, and Mr. Browne, by that time having acquired standing with the liberal-minded people in this neighborhood and the respect of all who had any real love for literature, started "The Dial."

"The Dial" at once impressed the public, and became an influence in the higher literary affairs of the whole Union. It so remains, with every prospect of so continuing, for its present editors and managers have wisely maintained the tone imparted by Mr. Browne. It is the one and only standard literary periodical issuing from Chicago, and one of the few issued anywhere in America that is accepted upon equal terms by the best reviews and literary journals of the British empire. The Dial offices have recently been moved to New York.

In the nine years between 1871 and 1880, forty-seven periodicals of a literary or quasi literary nature were born and died. I don't believe anybody remembers them, because I am quite certain nobody has specialized in memorizing things that were not worth while.

In 1883 Edgar Wakeman established a pretty good weekly called "The Current." It lasted two years, and might have been going yet if Mr. Wakeman had not taken fright over a debt of fifteen hundred dollars and disappeared one night, to be discovered two or three months later in a Trappist monastery somewhere in Wisconsin. I think he became a monk, and died there. The incident was unhappy and unnecessary, for Melville Stone or any one of several of his friends would have been

glad to tide him over, and "The Current" might have gone on. It was revived afterward by Slason Thompson and another man whose name I cannot recall, and had quite a run for awhile, dying of causes interior to itself.

A monthly called "Literary Life" was established in 1888, and astonished everybody by living three years.

The first distinctive and completely successful fictional magazine came along in the nineties. It was called "The Red Book" but its founders and promoters paid out somewhere around one hundred thousand dollars before they got it on its feet. Its success was so great that the same people followed it with two other magazines, "The Blue Book" and "The Green Book." These three became national in reputation and sale. The first one, "The Red Book," outranks all others in its class, wherever published.

But in the meantime, between "Literary Life" and "The Red Book" there was a swarm of semi-literary, dramatic and serial publications. Of all these, two stand out as having intrinsic merit, "Elite" and "The Saturday Evening Herald." "Elite" was established in 1881 by The Elite Publishing Company, of which Mary Stuart Armstrong was President. Mrs. Armstrong was its editor, a clever woman endowed with good gifts, thoroughly competent. Under her direction "Elite" carried on successfully through seventeen years, until 1908, not long before her death.

Mrs. Armstrong had the support of a great following of people in what is called society—especially of women. Only one other woman held anything like the same authority. Emma Paulding Scott had no magazine of her own, but she became society editor of The Chicago Evening Post about twenty years ago, and at once commanded attention. Miss Scott still holds that responsible position with undiminished efficiency. She has seen many a social set dissolve, to be succeeded by other social sets

that in their turn dissolved, and so on up to this present year.

"The Saturday Evening Herald" was established in 1875 by George McConnell, Lyman B. Glover and John M. Dandy. It was distinctively a social organ, but it published a great deal in the way of essays and stories that might have appeared with credit in any magazine of general circulation. It jumped into recognition almost at once, and prospered exceedingly, until the Sunday issues of the daily papers began piling up society departments at a rate and in proportions growing so fast that they crowded it off the carpet. "The Saturday Evening Herald" finally fell into the hands of Edward Freiberger, who had for years been a member of the Inter Ocean local staff and who was said to know and be known by a greater number of prominent people than any other man in Chicago. But he came too late. He stuck it out manfully for awhile, until at last the poor old thing fell down on him and refused to live any longer. Mr. Freiberger went to New York after that, and became librarian of the Friars Club. He died in 1916.

The latest new magazine hereaway repeats similar efforts here and there along the course of time in other big cities. It is called "The Waste Basket." It is a bimonthly, with Carlos C. Drake as its editor-in-chief. Mr. Drake is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Tracy V. Drake. He believes that potential authors of tender years are entitled to a medium through which they may utter their thoughts. All people of tender years have thoughts, or mental disturbances which they believe to be thoughts. Some of them really have thoughts of value. Immaturity does not argue incapacity in all cases. The pathetic case of Chatterton is in point of that. Mr. Drake refuses manuscripts from authors under sixteen or over twenty-one years of age—or rather, of youth. It has been appearing now about a year. The content has been

creditable—surprisingly so when it is considered that all of it came from boys and girls who still are in school.

Chapter Twenty-three

PERHAPS the most conspicuous factor in the cultural problems of Chicago is the University of Chicago. This institution was established many years ago and flourished in a modest, scholarly, unpretentious way in a building facing Cottage Grove avenue, somewhere near Thirty-fifth street. The well-shaded grounds about it were like a classic grove. It began to stir and grow when William Rainey Harper became its head, under the generous patronage of John D. Rockefeller. Dr. Harper's claim to eminent scholarship was over-shadowed by a promotional ability that would have found dominating expression in any public enterprise he might have undertaken. If he had gone in for railroading he might have been a power in the railway interests of North America. He had initiative, he was original, an organizer second to none, an executive of the first order. He saw what the University needed: money, and plenty of it; young blood that would course free, a faculty equal as a working body with the faculty of any eastern university, but especially selected for the adaptability of its members to the prevailing thought and the liberal ways of the north central states. It was in this last that he succeeded in differentiating this University from Harvard, Yale and Princeton. The students at those universities were, almost all of them, the sons of rich men, supplied with more money than was good for them. In the majority of cases their fathers and grandfathers, and maybe farther back than that, had gone to those same institutions. In a sense they

were family concerns, refreshed and renewed as time passed and old rich families faded out, and new rich families came in. They had traditions and usages, and lines of caste. By the irony of fate their professional administration had fallen into dangerous hands, and sociology of that lamentably dangerous kind that is dealt with by closet philosophers only, became an inculcation so poisonous that years of contact with the rude and bustling world were required to knock it out of the heads of the students in order that common sense might find lodging room. Dr. Harper would have none of this. The University of Chicago must be representative of the strong and level-headed people who had created the west, and on the once empty prairies had built a new and sturdy structure of life, splendid, broad and perfectly sane. Dr. Harper's successor, Dr. Judson, has carried out these purposes with fidelity and ability.

Concurrently with, though in no wise related to the University of Chicago, our four great libraries have had much to do with the spread of knowledge, the stimulation of ideas, and that understanding of the world and its peoples that can be acquired by reading and by no other direct means. These are the Public Library, the Newberry, the Crerar and the Blackstone. Our Public Library is one of the most comprehensive in the land, ranking readily with the Boston Public, the Astor, and the very few other big ones. It has had a history as quiet as its influence was deep. The office of chief librarian is filled by appointment, and therefore subject to change; but the actual working staff is free from that rule, and membership in it rests upon merit alone, much of this merit resulting from the experience of service. As an example, Miss Caroline L. Elliott, in charge of the reference department, has been a member of the staff thirty years. Her knowledge of that department and her quick response to any question touching any of the recondite

topics there included has saved hours of time for so many thousands of people that if all those hours could be totalized the sum would probably show a thousand years. A record like that means something. How many people are there who can be credited with having saved in a lifetime a thousand years for others?

The Newberry, the Crerar and the Blackstone were given in trust to the people of the city by private donors, whose respective names they bear. They have not the bulk nor the circulating feature of the Public Library, but each of its kind is a model. The Newberry Library is the largest of the three, and probably the most diversified. Miss Cara Durkee bears the same relation to it that Miss Elliott bears to the reference department of the Public Library, the main difference being that the reference department of the Public Library is simply one of many departments, while the Newberry Library is strictly upon reference lines. Those who use it know how beautifully the Newberry Library is housed, and what a perfect place it is for study.

The Crerar Library in the Marshall Field block of buildings is not so large as the Newberry, but is admirably balanced and equipped, especially with authoritative works of a technical and scientific nature.

The Blackstone Library has a building of its own not far to the north of the University of Chicago grounds. It was assembled upon a more general plan than that of the other two, being especially rich in standard English literature and the best books of history and of travel. It is especially used by writers in search of color, and of actual historic dates and places. Of its kind it is about as nearly perfect as intelligent care and ample funds can make it.

In addition to the libraries the Chicago Historical Society has actively served the public. Its collections are used for research work by historians, genealogists, writers

and students from all over the United States. It is stimulating patriotism through illustrated lectures which it gives annually to thousands of public school children, lending them a grasp upon the great and true stories that lie behind the city of today.

The society was formed in 1846. It occupies a substantial and commodious brown stone building at the corner of Dearborn and Ontario streets. The scope of the society is much more broad than most people are aware of. It includes records and exhibits minutely covering the history of the whole state, from the time of Father LaSalle, and these records and exhibits are of the very highest value, considered in the sense of history, both human and natural. The collections are admirably arranged in themselves and in relation to each other. I do not know of any other grouping that means so much culturally, though the natural history museum collected by Matthew Laflin offers it a very close second.

Chapter Twenty-four

THIS city has every reason to be proud of itself as an effective center of theatrical activities. New York was formerly the great billboard. For a long time a Broadway production was considered necessary to the success of any play; and many a good play was presented there for a run at a heavy loss, merely to get the advertising, the ballyhoo, as it were, that such a run was supposed to provide. New York was and is the great booking place. The best companies are organized there. But it never has been a steady moneymaker for its theatres. On the other hand some of the most successful plays of the last forty years had their first perform-

ances in Chicago, and toured the country prosperously through several seasons without showing in New York at all. For instance Leonard Grover's "Our Boarding House"; Denman Thompson's "Joshua Whitcomb"; Will Eaton's "All the Rage"; Augustus Thomas's "Alabama" and "Blue Jeans"; Bronson Howard's "The Banker's Daughter (as "The Iron Will") and "Saratoga" and a good many others that for the moment escape me. And it always has been a moneymaker. In the dullest season of panic times the Chicago Theatres have played to the best business in the whole of North America.

A good many plays have been written by Chicago men, some of them great successes. For example, the first full form of the original "Joshua Whitcomb," played for so many years by Denman Thompson, was built up by Will Eaton of The Times. James B. Runnion of The Tribune wrote a dozen or more, for the most part adaptations of foreign plays. Elwyn A. Barron of The Inter Ocean wrote "A Mountain Pink" and several other plays. Later came George Broadhurst and George Ade, who between them have written more first rate comedies than all the other American dramatists put together. This statement is not a belittlement of Bronson Howard, whose one great comedy success was "The Henrietta," nor of any of the other and clever men who have done so much in burlesque and extravaganza, so called. I am treating now of Chicago and the things and the individuals known to myself.

Mrs. Aldis, though by no means a professional writer, has done more good work along these general lines than any other Chicago woman. Mrs. Peattie says Mrs. Aldis in her writings "was more interested in tangents than in straight lines, and if she is not startlingly creative, just as certainly she is not hackneyed. Her free verse poems were finally printed in book form,

and many found them not only diverting but instructive in the way that sympathetic art must always be instructive. Then came a book of plays—plays which Mrs. Aldis had tried out on her own little stage and which showed the influence of the modern masters, and were at once sardonic and kind. That sounds like a paradox, but can be understood when it is explained that while Mrs. Aldis found life ironic, she was not so herself; at least not toward any human being or fictional creature whom it was her instinct to pity. There was a fine quality of breeding and courtesy in these plays, and liberality and humor made them both piquant and winning, even as the free verse poems had been."

I wonder how many people in Chicago remember William Young, whose comedy, "The Rajah," had a run of over a year at the Madison Square theatre in New York upon its original production, and afterward was played not only all over this country but in England during the three or four years next following. Mr. Young is still living. Before "The Rajah" he had written a powerful play founded upon the Arthurian legends, called "Pendragon," and subsequently to "The Rajah," another play dealing with the last days of the Moors in Spain and called "Ganelon," a really swift and powerful piece of work. Both "Pendragon" and "Ganelon" were killed by Lawrence Barrett, and both for the same reason: The reviewers received them with too much enthusiasm, and Mr. Barrett's performance with too little. If Mr. Barrett's ability had been in any degree commensurate with his sensibility, he would have taken a different course, for the works were really fine, and their continuous performance would have raised him to a level of recognition far beyond any he ever attained. He missed the one chance of his life to do well the one big thing any actor can do—that is, to give adequate interpretation to the best conception of a great author.

I say great, because these two plays were not only dramas theatrically effective, but poems vital in universality of thought. Mr. Young was skilled in the craftsmanship of drama. His concepts were admirable, his moulding true. He was the author of several poems that upon their publication received unstinted praise. One of these, "There Came Three Queens from Heaven," was given out through the Atlantic Monthly and immediately reproduced in all the literary reviews in the English language. Mr. Young neglected to collect and publish his works in book form. Coming one by one, they suffered the misfortune that usually falls upon fragmentary efforts. They dropped out of sight.

Mr. Young inhabited a frail body. His habitual mood was melancholy. He brooded deeply upon life and the world. Only now and then in private conversation he would burst out with a flare of blazing fun. He is passing the evening of his days on the Island of Jersey in the English Channel. It is a long time since he ceased writing. He was a Chicago man, but little known here or anywhere save among newspaper men and actors. The late James H. McVicker was his devoted friend and admirer, Edwin Booth was another, and so was Frederick Warde.

The nature of my work brought me in contact almost continuously with the theatres and the distinguished players who have appeared in them. Personally I esteem the drama as one of the most potent influences for the elevation of thought, for education in the niceties of life, for lifting beauty and all the graces into a light where all may see. In addition I would esteem it as an incalculable blessing if in even its most frivolous form it did no more than brush the cobwebs from the brow of care.

We have been particularly fortunate in that our theatres have been conducted by men of probity, excellent ability, judgment, and public spirit. Those who remember

James H. McVicker may take him and his memory as exemplifying their character at its best. The theatre that still bears his name was the first to be granted equality with the leading houses of New York. It was an old establishment when I was a child. Until Mr. McVicker's death, its reputation and its standing were maintained and its popularity never faltered. Mr. McVicker was himself an actor, and a remarkably good one, particularly in Shakespeare plays. When under the old order of things he had a stock company, he cast the plays strictly in accord with the merit or qualifications of his actors, taking upon himself whatever part he felt he could do best, without a thought of its prominence or its unimportance. I have seen him play the first grave digger in "Hamlet" to the Hamlet of his son-in-law, Edwin Booth; and a most admirable performance it was. I do not believe his Dogberry could have been excelled—a minor part, but played in a deadly serious key, the only key that could have brought out Dogberry's fatuous self importance. In private life Mr. McVicker was a sound and safe influence, a perfect model of good citizenship, a just and generous friend. In the essential meaning of the word though not in the conventional, he was deeply religious; but he never made any fuss about it. Simply he lived it. The impression he left upon the city while it was yet hebdomadal is with us yet, and will remain. The good he did lives after him.

Richard M. Hooley's career began about the middle of Mr. McVicker's. He had been a minstrel man, and had for a long time been at the head of the most popular negro minstrel company. Before he came to Chicago he had established in Brooklyn a theatre which he named for himself. The story of that theatre would be of no moment in this place, but after he gave it up, that is, immediately after our great fire, he came here and built Hooley's Theatre, which is the Powers Theatre of the

present. He called it the home of Parlor Comedy. It was very successful. Upon his death in 1893 Harry Powers succeeded to the management. Powers Theatre, as it is now called, acquired under Uncle Dick Hooley a public peculiarly its own. Its business was practically assured, for a large number of the best people in the town came regularly every week, on designated days and had their seats reserved for them ahead. It always has been a high class theatre, without a single lapse from the tone originally imparted to it by Uncle Dick.

The Grand Opera House in Clark street opposite the county building was opened in September, 1880, by Mr. John A. Hamlin. From that date until 1907 the theatre under his management, assisted by his sons Harry and Fred, was a popular and fashionable playhouse. On big opening nights one was sure to meet most of his friends among the representative families of Chicago and vicinity. An individual feature of this theatre is a reception committee of one in the person of Mr. Zeddis, who has not missed a single performance of thirty-seven years, and who always greets each visitor upon his arrival as if he were the most important member of the community.

Mr. William J. Davis, known as Will Davis, has been thoroughly identified with the theatrical and musical development of Chicago since 1878, when he was manager of Her Majesty's Opera Company for two seasons. At one time he was manager of the Grand Opera House, and during his directorship won for it the title of The Mascotte Theatre. His success as manager of the Columbia and Illinois theatres is well known. In fact both Mr. Davis and his wife, Jessie Bartlett Davis, a popular and famous singer during the eighties, have made distinct contributions to Chicago's artistic life.

In 1882 John B. Carson and Col. J. H. Haverly, the minstrel man, opened Haverly's Theatre in Monroe street near Dearborn. In 1884 the name was changed

by Ellen Terry, who was then filling an engagement there as a member of Sir Henry Irving's Company. I sat in one of the proscenium boxes and I remember how irresistibly charming she was as she came modestly and hesitatingly to the footlights and said, "I name this beautiful theatre—Columbia."

What charming entertainments these great artists and the supporting members of their company gave at that time, what an event it was in Chicago! Nothing approaching it in importance and interest has occurred during my remembrance. The city seemed changed, in some way, assumed a metropolitan air. I remember the closing performance, the play was "Much Ado About Nothing." The house was packed, many persons, including myself, sitting on the steps leading from the boxes to the parquet. Marshall Field, whom I saw for the first time, sitting with his young son Marshall Field, Jr., was in one of the very front seats.

I never shall forget the great deference which Irving expressed toward Miss Terry when in his curtain speech he said, "Miss Terry whom you admire, whom I admire, whom we all admire." What a wonderful performance it was! Irving's physical impossibility to properly represent Benedick pictorially was entirely lost sight of in the delicious humor of his lines. For instance, in "Lady, I am loved of all women, only you excepted." Who will ever forget the indefinable charm of Miss Terry when she said to Benedick "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner." Those were golden days for the artists and for us. Alas! things were sadly changed when in 1903 came the Iroquois fire.

Irving was playing an engagement at the Illinois Theatre at the time. At his invitation, together with a friend, I paid him a visit at his apartment in the Congress Hotel a day or two after the fire. He was in the depths of despair. Owing to the fire, business was almost

entirely suspended. He was alone, desolate, forsaken, Miss Terry having terminated her association with him and joined Beerbohm Tree in a production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Irving had in his company his son, H. B. Irving, and his wife who, as he mournfully said, "was trying to play Portia" and other roles made famous by Ellen Terry. Irving survived but a short time after this engagement. He was honored by burial in Westminster Abbey.

Chapter Twenty-five

HE Chap Book. Being a miscellany of curious and interesting Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, etc., adorned with a variety of pictures; and very delightful to read, newly composed by many celebrated writers, to which was annexed a large collection of notices of Books."

The above was the description on the fly leaf of a little booklet which was published in Chicago in 1904 by Stone and Kimball. Herbert Stuart Stone, eldest son of Mr. Melville E. Stone, founder of the Chicago Daily News, was the chief originator and principal editor until its hundredth and last number appeared in 1908. Melville E. Stone, Jr., was business manager. He died in 1918.

Mr. Harrison Garfield Rhodes was associate editor. Contributions were received from the leading literary writers of England and America, which was a stimulus to ambitious writers in Chicago. Hamlin Garland was a frequent contributor. So was Wallace Rice. Single articles were contributed by Edith Wyatt, Elia W. Peattie, Elizabeth Wallace, Lilian Bell, who later be-

came famous as the author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," Anna Morgan, and many others.

Mr. Stone was in close touch with Aubrey Beardsley, and many of his clever sketches adorned the pages of The Chap Book. Other artists found their way to national reputation and fame, among them being Will Bradley and Frank Hazenplug, who produced many unique and clever posters which were an addition to Mr. Stone's enterprise. They were so artistic and fantastic that they became very popular. It is interesting to note that Cecil Clark Davis contributed some sketches for the magazine, one of Sarah Bernhardt.

Mr. Stone also inaugurated a series of Chap Book Teas, given in his publishing office where the literary folk and various art workers congregated to look at original drawings and manuscripts, thus becoming better acquainted with personal endeavor and better prepared to work in harmony for the artistic development of Chicago.

The Chap Book teas were forerunners of the Attic Club, and no doubt suggested the meetings of The Little Room.

There were twenty-six imitators of The Chap Book, but it remained the supreme effort among the little magazines, and its advent and life were distinctly artistic contributions to Chicago.

By something that looks a little like irony, the firm of Stone and Kimball is remembered by reason of their having issued Mary MacLane's book "The Story of Mary MacLane," that astonishing revelation of an ego made interesting to itself by its own fever. That book outtopped all their more ambitious efforts, outlasts them all, survives the firm itself, and has let loose upon the public a simulacrum that cannot sink or be sunk, a joke that will not die. The book sold tremendously; its proceeds saved the firm from disaster.

Mr. Stone's career ended with the sinking of the Lusitania in 1915, on which, unfortunately, he was a passenger.

The Little Room, which had its beginning in 1893, is perhaps the most unique of Chicago organizations. It rose from the ashes of the Attic Club, which had a tentative existence previous to this, but for well grounded reasons was disbanded.

The new organization was suggested by Miss Lucy Monroe (who later became Mrs. William J. Calhoun) in Mr. Lorado Taft's studio which was then in the Athenaeum building in Van Buren street, the object being to furnish a weekly meeting place for the discussion of art and literature and where distinguished artists might meet our home artists whenever occasion brought them to Chicago. It was named after a ghost story written by Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne called "The Little Room" which had a fashion of disappearing and reappearing at intervals. So with the club. It appeared on Fridays from four to six, at first in Miss Bessie Potter's (now Mrs. Vonnah) studio, then disappeared until the following Friday.

The original members were Franklin H. Head, Lorado Taft, Henry B. Fuller, Hermon Macneil, Allen B. Pond, Irving K. Pond, Roswell Field, John Vance Cheney, Hamlin Garland, Frederick W. Gookin, Herbert Stuart Stone, Melville Stone, Jr., Harrison Rhodes, Lucy Monroe, Harriet Monroe, Madaline Yale Wynne, Lilian Bell, Jane Addams, Bessie Potter, Anna Morgan and Mrs. Lindon W. Bates. We continued to meet in Miss Potter's studio until the Studebaker building on Michigan avenue was converted into the Fine Arts Building. Then it was removed to Mr. Ralph Clarkson's studio on the tenth floor where it has remained up to the present time, with the exception of the year 1900 when it met in my studio on the eighth floor of the Fine Arts building.

In the intervening years the names of nearly all our best writers and artists have been added to the original list.

Carrying out its original idea the organization has entertained distinguished artists of this country who have visited Chicago from time to time, as well as those from other lands, the first guest entertained being Richard Le Gallienne in May, 1898.

Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh, long one of the best known and most influential members of Chicago society, told this amusing incident: While paying a visit to London some eight or nine years ago, upon several occasions when noted artists were presented, they immediately asked if she were a member of "The Little Room"? According to her account when she replied in the negative, and said she had never even heard of it, she fell perceptibly in their estimation, as they seemed to feel that she could not have much standing in Chicago if she were not a member of The Little Room. Upon her arrival in New York her London experience was repeated. Upon her return to Chicago, Mrs. Wynne, who was one of the originators of the club, called upon her, and Mrs. MacVeagh appealed to her to know if there was such a thing as The Little Room in Chicago—and of course learned its history. Soon after she came to see us one Friday afternoon, bringing with her Mrs. Jack Gardner of Boston, who was her guest at the time. I remember that I was pouring tea when she came in. There were only five or six other members present and our distinguished visitors did not have a fair chance to judge of its merits.

During the first years in the Fine Arts building we used to give unique parties every winter. I remember one, a buffet supper, which began in my Studio at 7 o'clock and ended with a dance in my Gymnasium at 3 o'clock A. M., with Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler playing ragtime

music on a bad piano, while the rest of us danced. We danced until we were dizzy, to keep her at the piano as long as possible. I remember also that Sam Clover drove a "team" to Evanston after the party, arriving with his guests at daybreak.

We had several notable burlesque performances on my stage, largely under the management of Melville E. Stone, Jr. One was given on Saturday evening, May 23, 1903. The program announced that "the unparalleled Stock Company of The Little Room will appear for the first, last and only time in an unparalleled etcetera performance of 'Little Room,' a moral play done in moral English from the mediæval, that is, out of respect to twentieth century conventions." The actors were Franklin H. Head, Chatfield-Taylor, Ralph Clarkson, Melville E. Stone, Jr., Wallace Rice, Hugh Garden, William Morton Payne, Karleton Hackett, Lucy Monroe and Marjorie Benton Cook. A note on the program stated that after the performance an attempt would be made to restore the appetites of such of the audience as had remained in Mr. Clarkson's studio to which was added the admonition "Eat and drink, for tomorrow we may not feel like it."

The most notable performance was given on January 30, 1904, being a dramatization of "The Bird Center" cartoons made famous by John T. McCutcheon, and running in the Tribune. I remember that we ransacked the town to find stage properties which called for a "whatnot," the mottoes "God Bless Our Home," "Live and Let Live," pink lined shells, satin banners embroidered with sunflowers, photograph albums and the like. I remember I made a white tarlatan dress for the performance which I wore trimmed with a blue sash and pink rosebuds, and that I played "The Maiden's Prayer" while Allen Spencer turned the leaves of the music and Karleton Hackett wielded the baton. Fanny Bloomfield

Zeisler nearly went into convulsions, as did the rest of the audience.

Program.

BIRD CENTER OPERA HOUSE.

Miss Anna Morgan of Chicago, Illinois, Lessee.

Right Royally will that Colossal Aggregation of Little Roomers Present for the First Time on Any Stage the Stupendous Tragedy Entitled

CAP. FRY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

January 30, 1904

Words by George Ade; Acting by the Following Galaxy of Histrionic Stars, First and Last Appearance.

THE CAST.

Capt. Roscoe Fry, a Wild Soldier and Tame Husband .....George Barr McCutcheon
J. Milton Brown, a (Tin) Type of Bird Center Aristocracy .....Howard Van Doren Shaw
Rev. Walpole, with a Congregation of His Own... .....Melville E. Stone, Jr.
Smiley Greene, the Popular Undertaker..... .....Roswell Field
J. Oscar Fisher, "Ye Editor".....Henry M. Hyde
The Mysterious Stranger, Right Out of a Dime Novel .....Ralph Clarkson
Mine Host Peters, with a Volubility..... .....Franklin H. Head
Gus Figgey, Who Drums and "Gets Busy"..... ..... Hugh Garden
Winthrop K. Biddle, of Philadelphia (Pennsylvania) ..... Arthur Heun

Chris C. Newbower, Never Invited Anywhere...
.....Irving K. Pond
Elmer Pratt, the Village Brummell....I. K. Friedman
Riley Peters, with a Hundred Sweethearts.....
.....John T. McCutcheon
Earnest Pratt, of the Louisianheuser Busch City..
.....Allen B. Pond
Wilber Fry, a Musician of Note.....Allen Spencer
Orville Peters, Second Musician of Note.....
.....Karleton Hackett
Judge Warden (presumably of the Fat Stock Show)
..... Will Payne
Dr. Niebling, Who Stays Out Late at Night....
.....John Vance Cheney
Wes Kidwell, "Just Drops In".....
.....William Morton Payne
D. I. Black.....F. W. Gookin
Mrs. Riley Withersby, the Social Lioness.....
..... Mrs. Coonley-Ward
Mrs. Roscoe Fry, Fond of Commanding.....
.....Miss Isabel McDougall
Lucile Ramona Fry, One of the "Buds".....
.....Mrs. Elia W. Peattie
Mrs. Rev. Walpole, Part of the Congregation....
.....Miss Edith Wyatt
Mrs. Smiley Greene, in the Wake...Miss Lucy Monroe
Miss Myrtle Peters, Who Dotes on Society.....
.....Miss Ottilie Liljencranz
Mrs. Doc. Niebling.....Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham
Miss Flossie Niebling.....Mrs. Howard Coonley
Miss Mae Niebling.....Miss Dodson
Mrs. D. I. Black, a Lawyer's Wife.....
.....Mrs. Roswell Field
Miss Kate Warden, Who Loves Philadelphia....
.....Miss Harriet Monroe
Miss Norma Cousins, of Lafayette..Miss Anna Morgan

Mrs. Mort Peters.....Mrs. Charles F. Browne
Miss Minerva Maltby, a New Flame.....
.....Miss Clara E. Laughlin
Sadie Newbower, Never in Luck or Bed.....
.....Mrs. Leland Laflin Summers
Rollicking Walpoles, Villagers, Visitors in Town,
Policemen who are never around, etc.....
.....*By the Company*

SCENE: PARLOR IN CAP. FRY'S HOME—
TIME: FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Specialties of a highly moral character will be introduced during the performance.

Tempting Viands will be dispensed and a magnificent collation served in the Tintype Studio of Ralph Clarkson on the tenth floor. Ask the man and take the elevator. Don't crowd.

Table Decoration from the Ladies' Home Journal.

Choice morsels of poetry by poets of the Victorian Era served with each plate.

Secure telescopes of the ushers to find the stars.

Please report to the management any neglect or incivility on the part of the usher. Report loss of jewelry to the person who sits next to you.

The audience is requested to remain seated to the end. This is not Parsifal.

Chapter Twenty-six

THE record of my experience from 1908 to 1918 would be incomplete without a reference to Eastgate, my home in Ravinia, where I spent eight happy years and where the members of my family and many friends sojourned with me from time to time. In my guest book is recorded hundreds of names of men and women illustrious in the various walks of life.

In the summer of 1908 I was eagerly seeking a home of my very own in the country, and accidentally secured this unusually charming spot from Ralph Fletcher Seymour, it being a part of his estate.

I fairly revelled in the joy of my home; it was, as every home should be, the dearest spot on earth to me. The cottage stood near one of the deep ravines which characterize Ravinia. The entrance was marked by a gate on which one charming day in October, John Kales had done the lettering, "Eastgate." On one of the posts supporting the gate was a quaint hand-wrought iron bell which had been presented to me by a friend who got it in Nurenberg.

Some of my friends gave me a house warming. I had desired to have a motto lettered on the living room mantelpiece. Ralph Seymour came over about nine o'clock the evening before the party, exclaiming as he entered, "No motto, no party, I suppose." I assured him he was quite right and I proceeded to hold a candle in a glass bottle while he lettered on the front of the mantel,

> "This house would doubtless perfect be,
> Had I first consulted thee."

Two years later Alice Gerstenberg came to Eastgate, and reading the motto promptly wrote in my guest book, "This home could not more perfect be had I first consulted thee."

At the house warming, in addition to many humorous stunts, Marjorie Cooke read this original dedicatory poem:

TO THE MISTRESS OF EASTGATE

Dear friends who gather here tonight
To feast and celebrate
This laying of the corner stone
With proper pomp and state,
I rather think we're all agreed
This fact's as true as fate
That few are born to grace a home
As Anna does Eastgate.

That heart of hers is big enough
To fill her native state,
And hospitality to her
Is nowise out of date.
Her latch string's out, and so's her hand,
So friends don't hesitate,
But stretch out sort o' comf'table,
It's home out at Eastgate.

So here's our love and this our hope
From this auspicious date
May peace and calm and happiness,
A rare triumvirate,
Enter this home and dwell therein
In majesty and state.
May all your days be full of joy
Dear Anna at Eastgate.

Among the memorable occasions at Eastgate was a Sunday afternoon party which I gave for the W. J. Calhouns, when Mr. Calhoun was Minister to China in 1911. It is safe to say it was the most memorable occasion in the annals of Ravinia. Over one hundred guests sat in the woods behind the cottage and listened to Mr. Calhoun as he discoursed in eloquent language, of which he was master, of China, its people, customs, and of his own interesting experience there.

When the talk was over Mrs. Calhoun, seated in a Sedan chair which had been presented to me some time before, was borne to her carriage, most of the men present being required to perform the work which two coolies would have easily done.

The years were full of joy until the beloved sister who had shared those joys for several years was taken from me. Then, being unable to bear the loneliness, Dutchie (her pet dog) and I moved into an apartment in town, where we try to forget "the things that were" and live in the things that are.

Chapter Twenty-seven

THIS book concerns itself with the development of the finer things of life during that term of years in which Chicago definitely changed from a condition of an overgrown small town and emerged permanently upon the cosmopolitan plane. I am not essaying a history of the years preceding those of my own activity, or any projection of my own opinion as to the future state at which the arts and the valuable niceties of life may arrive. I consider that the period of evolution within the scope of my personal activities was one of the most

important of the many phases through which our city has passed; and that the future, by reason of the work that has been done, and the courses that have been shaped, is assured in the best sense, and I hold that while Chicago is intrinsically and intensely commercial the evolution of the commercial interests would be incomplete if it were not paralleled by an evolution in learning and in all the arts, in literature and in matters spiritual,—using that word in its finer meaning, not in its dogmatic. Without that parallel in evolution it could not be what it has become, within my own lifetime. My work is not yet finished but if it were I could find contentment in the knowledge that "all of it I saw and part of it I was."

Dropped like a pendant from the splendid chain of waters that stretches from the far Atlantic seaboard to the heart of the continent we see Lake Michigan. At the lower end of this mighty pendant is one of the most important toll gates in all this world. The chain constitutes a barrier of water, an impassable trapezoid more than a thousand miles in length. To the west of it stretches a rich and splendid empire, fringed at last by the Pacific from whose shores stretch ocean lanes of infinite trade possibilities in Asia and the continents and islands of the south. All that goes into that empire or floats away from its pacific shores must either originate in or pass through this place of toll; all that comes out of it, passing to the east, must pay toll here as well. The great natural resources of interior North America are so distributed that the raw materials of manufacture can be brought together here by the shortest hauls and at the lowest cost. This means colossal industries. All the conditions taken together constitute an organization, an assemblage of parts which act upon the whole, the whole in turn reacting upon all the parts.

It is a magnificent contemplation, a master stroke of civilization passing far beyond anything of which history

can tell us. Before Columbus sailed from Palos it was written in the Sybiline books that this thing should be. Here must stand the most mighty capital city. We of our generation have witnessed and lived in the real beginning that shall lead to that end. It is impossible that such a plexus should form without its complement of flowering in the more gracious and beautiful things.

To the cultivation of those things an earnest body of men and women have through all these changes devoted their best energies. It is not anomalous that their work should have brought forth much of the world's best in the domain of intellect and of art. Singers, actors, great musicians, great writers, great painters, great architects have been given to the world out of this garden of intense commercialism. The genius of Chicago is all-inclusive. I could not put in writing the truth in that behalf without mentioning and describing personalities known in all countries, and to people of all tongues.

There is only one element essential to a permanent social order that is not present in this great town of ours, and that is the possibility of placing and holding unchangeable the stamp of character and quality. The best and most exclusive neighborhood of any one span of ten years is almost certain to become the cheap and shabby neighborhood of the ten next following; the cheap and shabby will probably give way to the disreputable in the third ten years; and in the fourth the disreputable may be replaced by factories and warehouses. Business has no respect for anything but its own convenience and accessibility. No one who knows Chicago will ask to have this statement proven. It is not necessary to prove the obvious. Within the last fifteen years this instability of social localism has wrought more changes than had come within all the years before. Other and more sweeping changes are rolling toward us out of the future fast enough to be within vision and growing as we look.

Chicago is one of the great maritime ports, and at the same time the principal ganglion of land transportation lines, yet it has no harbor, nor any center, nor any system of organized terminal facilities. The river cannot be deepened to accommodate vessels of the size and draught now swarming the great lakes. It has no dockage nor anything like sufficient wharfage. A new and great harbor must be constructed on the lake front. The facilities of the Calumet river and lake must be employed. A great wedge-shaped piece of land bounded on the east by the lake front, the north by the main Chicago river, the west by the south branch, and the south by Fifty-ninth street (at least) will cease to be what it is now and will be covered by railway terminals and transfer tracks, great freight stations, great warehouses and a congeries of such facilities as lie back of the piers and wharves of great harbors elsewhere.

The beautiful residential neighborhoods which once were, and in part still are, the best in the city, will be obliterated and their inhabitants dispersed to the north and west. Transit facilities already here are capable of moving the people from their residential to their occupational homes. They are well laid out in a manner to make extensions easy; and by that time the motor car will have become so common that a daily double trip of fifty miles each way will mean no more than a trip of five miles does now. Travel through the air, already instituted by private individuals, will become as much a matter of course as travel by trolley car is now.

What will be the result? Friendships and associations will be reduced to matters of miles, maybe of streets. It is possible that some great social center may arise, but nobody now can guess where. It is much more probable that dozens of small social centers will occur, widely separated, unrelated to and knowing nothing of each other. Where then will be the art center,—the succes-

sion to that short section of Michigan avenue of which the Fine Arts building and the Art Institute are chief features? That there will be an art center admits of no more question than that there will be other centers. That is about all that can be said about it now.

When L'Enfant planned the city of Washington he dealt with a locality and a topography that involved no problems of the future which would not find place within the lines that he laid down, or with any extension of them. When Daniel H. Burnham had his vision of a beautiful Chicago he planned better than he knew, for in his time the gales of change now sweeping around the world were whispers merely; yet, genius that he was, he foresaw an ultimate centralization, a sense of radiation on the west side. It is too early as yet to guess what havoc may be wrought upon his general plan in its details, but everything now is symptomatic of a reduction of his simpler thought to actuality.

These things are pertinent to my theme and to the welfare of those fine and high departments of life and living to which I as one among many have given the best I had. The cultivation of idealism, of culture in the arts, will go on and will be more favored and encouraged than heretofore they have been, but they will be without one principal encouragement, one element of strength to which they have been so deeply indebted, so splendidly helped, the unfailing support, the intelligent patronage of well defined, well centered society. What will take the place of that energizing friendship I do not know. I discourse now of the things that were and that led up to the things that are.

Let me repeat: This story of mine deals with a period in the life of this city corresponding to the dangerous period in the life of a boy, when he leaves off being a boy, becomes a young man and begins to acquire the fibre, the vigor and the permanent form of actual manhood.

The art history of Chicago, concurrent with the industrial and commercial history, has passed through exactly that same period. We are at the edge of a new period, and looking over the edge as far as we can see into the new things it will bring. And we look with eyes of hope, of expectation, with eyes that dim wistfully while we think upon the busy, the warm and soulful past through which we have worked up toward this our Pisgah—the threshold of the new.

"THE FUTURE I MAY FACE NOW I HAVE PROVED THE PAST."

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